

PR 4887

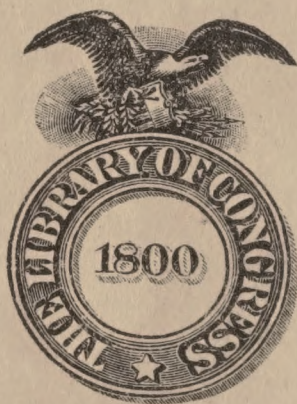
.A7

1802

Copy 2

FT MEADE  
GenColl





Class PR 4887

Book A7

1802

Copy 2



























*Sarah, Bird*

CONRAD, AND CO'S. EDITION OF SELECT PLAYS.

---

ALFONSO,  
KING OF CASTILE:

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS,

By M. G. LEWIS.

---

For us and for our Tragedy,  
Thus stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your candid hearing patiently.

HAMLET.

---

*Philadelphia :*

Published by JOHN CONRAD & Co. No. 30,  
Chesnut Street—MICHAEL & JOHN CON-  
RAD, & Co. No 140, Market Street,  
Baltimore—& RAPIN, CONRAD,  
& Co. Washington City.

---

1802

*Copy 2.*



PR4887  
A7  
1802  
copy 2

268141

19





E. S. Burd

## P R E F A C E.

---

I HAVE already been asked so often, why, contrary to the usual custom, I publish this Tragedy previous to its performance, that I think it as well to publish also my reasons.

In the first place, when my Drama of "Adelmorn the Outlaw" was played at Drury-Lane, so many wilful misrepresentations of it were made between the periods of its being performed, and of its being printed, that I resolved in future to take this method of depriving my censurers of the plea of *involuntary mistaking*. I print my Play for the same purpose, that advertisements are sometimes inserted in the Gazette—"In order that none may *pretend* ignorance."—To the assertion, that my Play is *stupid*, I have nothing to object; if it be found so, even let it so be said: but if (as was most *falsely* asserted of Adelmorn) any anonymous writer should advance that this Tragedy is *immoral*, I expect him to prove his assertion by quoting the objectionable passages. This I demand as an act of *justice*: as a matter of *fa-*



*your* perhaps I might request my censurer to speak of my Play as it is; and

“ Nothing extenuate,  
Nor aught set down in malice.”

But this is a request which experience forbids my making, knowing perfectly well that it would not be complied with.—In saying this, I must beg to be understood as alluding only to prejudiced individuals, not as meaning to express any dissatisfaction respecting the public in general. On the contrary, the reception of my productions has been always *equal*, sometimes far *superior*, to the merits of such trifles.

In the second place, I publish my Play previous to its representation, because I have very great doubts, whether even an *excellent* Tragedy, if written in blank verse, would succeed on the Stage at present: of course I do not flatter myself that mine will; and after the cold reception of *De Monfort*, I am not vain enough to expect that *Alfonso* will meet with a kind one. I therefore rather wish this production to be considered as a dramatic poem, or (if that be too lofty a character for it) as a short novel in dialogue divided into acts, instead of chapters. In writing it, I have spared no pains. I now give it to the public, not as a good Play, but as the best that I can produce: Very possibly no *body* could write a *worse* Trage-



dy ; but it is a melancholy truth, that I cannot write a *better*.

When this play was shewn to Mr. HARRIS, I informed him of my positive determination to publish it previous to its performance. He accepted it under that condition, and in a manner the most flattering : he only objected (and that all things considered, very properly) to the catastrophe, as being calculated rather to excite horror than pity, and therefore as unfit for public representation. In the performance, therefore, the conclusion will be totally different from that of the published Play ; and (though according to my own opinion it does not tally so well with Orsino's character) I acknowledge, that of the two, the new catastrophe seems to me the best calculated for the Stage. The several characters are distributed very much to my satisfaction. If my Play fails, I am persuaded it will be either from the malignity of faction, or from its own demerits, not from any deficiency in the abilities of the Performers.

Respecting the plot, I have to confess that the situation at the end of the Second Act was suggested by the well known anecdote of Charlemagne and his daughter Emma. It seems more likely to have been suggested by the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo ; —only the fact happens to be otherwise.—In the year 1345, during the reign



of Alfonso the XIth, (surnamed the wise and father of Pedro the Cruel ; ) the siege of Algesiras took place, at which the first use of gunpowder is said to have been made ; this is the only historical anecdote which I have employed : as to the *real* character of Alfonso the XIth, I must own, that it no more resembles that of *my* Alfonso the XIth, than it does John the Painter's, or Peter the Wild Boy's.—I do not myself think that this departure from History is a matter of any consequence ; but they who do, will probably consider it as a radical defect in the composition.

Here and there I have detected some trifling plagiarisms, rather of expression than of sentiment, such as the following.

“ Now, ye Stars,

“ Shed dews celestial from your golden  
“ vials

“ On that dear gracious head ! *Act III.*

“ You Gods, look down,

“ And from your sacred vials pour your  
“ graces

“ Upon my daughter's head !”

[*Winter's Tale.*]

---

I'll blast him with a look ! *Act I.*

Would that these eyes had Heaven's  
“ own lightning,



“ That with a look thus I might blast  
“ thee!”

[*Gamester.*]

There are a few others of the same kind, but so trifling as to be not worth altering, and scarce worth mentioning. However, should this Play be thought worthy of a second edition, I shall most conscientiously refund every syllable which is not strictly my own, and shall think myself obliged to any person, who will take the trouble of pointing out any plagiarism of which I may not be aware. At present it would be ridiculous in me to take the pains of giving back, what nobody would think it worth while to receive——I shall however, just mention, that I *suspect* (but am not certain) that some ill-natured author has taken advantage of being able to publish before I was born, in order to compose the following lines before me :

“ What can Ottilia ask, and I deny ?”

*Act I.*

“ If to forgive be sin,

“ How deeply then must Heaven have sin-

“ ned to man !”

*Act III.*

Who first wrote the above lines, I suppose their authors know : if *I* did *not*, I am ignorant who did.

There are two passages in this Tragedy, which I am conscious might have been lia-



ble to misrepresentation ; but with such authorities as I shall give for the *propriety* of the sentiments, that Critic will be a bold man who shall venture to attack their morality. Into the bargain both passages will be omitted in the representation.

Dec. 12, 1801.

M. G. LEWIS.





---

---

Dramatis Personæ.

---

---

ALFONSO XI.

ORSINO.

CÆSARIO.

Father BAZIL.

HENRIQUEZ.

MELCHIOR.

RICARDO.

GOMEZ.

MARCOS.

LUCIO.

First CITIZEN.

Second CITIZEN.

Friars, Soldiers, Citizens, Conspirators, &c.

AMELROSA.

OTTILIA.

ESTELIA.

INIS.

Nuns, and Female Attendants on Amelrofa.

THE—*Scene lies in Burgos (the capital of Old Castile), and in the adjoining Forest.*

The Action is supposed to pass in the Year 1345.

---

---







---

ALFONSO,  
KING OF CASTILE :

—:✱:—  
ACT I.  
—

SCENE I— *The palace-garden.—Day-break.*

OTTILIA *enters in a night dress : her hair flows  
dishevelled.*

OTTILIA.

DEWS of the morn, descend ! Breathe, summer gales,  
My flushed cheeks woo ye ! Play, sweet wantons, play  
'Mid my loose tresses, fan my panting breast,  
Quench my blood's burning fever !—Vain, vain prayer !  
Not Winter, throned 'midst Alpine snows, whose will  
Can with one breath, one touch, congeal whole realms,  
And blanch whole seas ; not that fiend's self could ease  
This heart, this gulph of flames, this purple kingdom,



Where passion rules and rages!—Oh! my soul!

Cæsario, my Cæsario!—*[A pause, during which she seems buried in thought—the clock strikes four.]*

Hark!—Ah me!

Is't still so early? Will't be still so long,  
Ere my love comes? Oh! speed, ye pitying  
hours,

Your flight, till mid-day brings Cæsario back;  
Then, if ye list, rest your kind wings for ever!

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Luc.* 'Tis past the hour! I fear I shall be  
chid,

For lo! the sun already darts his rays  
Athwart the garden-paths.

*Otti.* How still! how tranquil!  
All rests, except Ottilia! I'll regain  
The hateful couch, where still my husband  
sleeps:  
Ere long he sleeps forever! Ha! why steals  
Yon boy. . . . Amazement! Do my eyes de-  
ceive me?

*Luc.* Hist! hist! Estella?

ESTELLA. *[Appearing on the terrace of the  
palace.]*

*Est.* Lucio?

*Luc.* Aye, the same.

*Est.* Good! good!



*Luc.* But pray you bid him speed. So loud his black Arabian snorts, and paws the earth, I fear he'll wake the guards.

*Est.* Farewell, I'll warn him. [*Ext. severally.*

*Otti.* [*Alone.*] 'Twas Lucio, sure!... What business.. Ah, how ready.  
Is Fear to whisper what Love hates to hear!

[*Estella and Cæsario appear on the terrace.*]

See! see! Again Estella comes—and with her. . . .

Shame and despair! Burst from your sockets, eyes,

Since ye dare show me this!—'Tis he! 'Tis he!

Cæsario! On my soul, Cæsario's self——  
He bids farewell!—He waves a glittering scarf,  
A gift of love, no doubt!—Now to his lips  
He glues it!—Blistered be those lips, Cæsario,  
Which have so oft sworn faith to me!—She  
goes. . .

Egyptian plagues go with her! *Exit Estella.*

*Casa.* [*Looking back at the palace.*] Yet one  
look,

One grateful blessing for this night of rapture;  
Then, shrine of my soul's idol! casket, hold-  
ding

My heart's most precious gem, awhile fare-  
well!

But, when my foot next bends thy floors, ex-  
pect

No more this cautious gait, this voice subdued!  
Proud and erect, with manly steps and strong,



I'll come a Conqueror and a King, to lead  
With sceptred hand forth from her bower my  
bride,

And bid Castile adore her, like Cæsario.  
Farewell, once more farewell!

*Otti.* [*Advancing.*] I'll cross his path,  
And blast him with a look.

*Cæsa.* Ottilia?

*Otti.* What?

Am I then grown so hideous that my sight  
Withers the roses on a warriors's cheeks,  
And makes his steps recoil? In Moorish bat-  
tles

He gazed undaunted on death's frightful form,  
But shrinks to view a monster like Ottilia.

*Cæsa.* [*Aside.*] Confusion! Should her rage  
alarm the guards. . . . .

*Otti.* Or do I wrong myself? Is still *my* form  
Unchanged, but not thy faith? Speak, trai-  
tor, speak!

*Cæsa.* I own, most dear Ottilia. . . .

*Otti.* Hark! He owns it!

Hear, Earth, and Heaven, he owns it! No  
excuse!

No varnish, No disguise!—He will not stoop  
To use dissembling with a wretch he scorns,  
Nor thinks it worth his pains to fool me fur-  
ther!

Proceed, brave sir, proceed! In trivial strain  
Tell me how light are lovers' oaths, how fond  
Youth's heart of change, how quick love comes  
and flies;

And own that yours for me is flown for ever.  
Then with indifference ask a parting kiss,  
Hope we shall still be friends, profess esteem,  
Thank me for favours past, and coldly leave me



*Cæsa.* How shall I hush this storm? [*Aside.*]

*Otti.* Oh ! fool, fool, fool !

I thought him absent ; thought mid-day would  
bring

My hero back, and pass'd this sleepless night  
In prayers, and sighs, and vows for his re-  
turn ;

While scorned all oaths, forgot all faith, all  
honour,

Clasped in Estella's wanton arms he lay,  
And mock'd the poor, undone, deceiv'd Ot-  
tillia !

*Cæsa.* Estella ? [*then aside*] Blest mistake !

*Otti.* What didst thou hope

My rival's name unknown ? Oh ! Well I  
know it,

Estella ! cursed Estella ! Still I'll shriek it  
Piercing and loud, till Earth, and Air, and  
Ocean,

Ring with her name, thy guilt, and my des-  
pair.

*Cæsa.* And need thy words, Ottilia, blame my  
falsehood ?

Oh ! in each feature of thy beauteous face

I blush to read reproaches far more keen.

Those glittering eyes, though now with light-  
nings armed,

Which erst were used to pour on blest Cæsa-  
rio

Kind looks, and fondest smiles, and tears of  
rapture ;

That voice, by wrath untuned, once only  
breathing

Sounds like the ringdove's, amorous, soft and  
sweet ;



That snowy breast, now swelled by storms of  
passion,  
But which in happier days by love was heaved,  
By love for me!—The least of these, Ottilia,  
Gives to my heart a deeper stab than all  
Thy words could do, were every word a dagger.

*Otti.* Thou prince of hypocrites!

*Casa.* Think'ts thou I flatter?

Then trust thyself [*leading her to a fountain.*]  
View on this watery mirror  
Thine angel-form reflected—Lovely shade,  
Bid this indignant fair confess, how vain,  
Estella's, charms were to contend with thine!  
And yet—oh Madman! at Estella's feet  
Breathing my vows, these eyes forgot, these  
lips

Than roses sweeter, redder—Oh! I'll gaze  
No more, for gazing I detest myself.

*Otti.* This subtle snake, how winds he  
round my heart

Oh didst thou speak sincerely.....!

*Cas.* At thy feet,  
Adored Ottilia! lo I kneel repentant.  
Couldst thou forgive—Vain man, it must  
not be.

Forgive the fool, who for a lamp's dull glea-  
ming  
Scorn'd the sun's noon-tide splendour? for a  
pebble

Who gave a diamond worth a monarch's ran-  
som?

No, no, thou canst not.

*Otti.* Cannot? Oh Casario,  
Thou lov'st no longer, or thou ne'er couldst  
doubt



I can, I must forgive thee!—[*falling on his bosom*]

*Cæsa.* Best Ottilia,  
No seraph's song e'er bore a sweeter sound  
Breathed in the ear of some expiring saint,  
Than pardon from thy lips.

*Otti.* Those lips again  
Thus seal it!—Yet to prove thy faith, I  
ask. . . . .

*Cæsa.* What can Ottilia ask, and I deny?

*Otti.* The scarf you wear. . . . .

*Cæsa.* [*starting.*] Ottilia!

*Otti.* Well I know  
It was Estella's gift. I'll therefore wear it,  
And with her jealous pangs repay my own.  
Give me that scarf.

*Cæsa.* And can Ottilia wish  
So mean a triumph. . . . .?

*Otti.* Ha! Beware, Cæsario!  
My foot is on thy neck, and should I find  
Thy head a snake's, I'll crush it! Quick!  
the scarf!  
Am I refused?

*Cæsa.* Ottilia, be persuaded:  
More nobly use thy power.

*Otti.* [*Suffocated with rage.*] The scarf!  
the scarf!

*Cæsa.* I value not the toy, nor her who  
gave it.  
Then wherefore triumph o'er a fallen foe?  
It must not be. . . . Hark! footsteps!—Sweet,  
farewell!

Ere night we meet again.—[*Going.*]

*Otti.* Yes, go, perfidious!



But know, ere night, thy head shall grace the scaffold !

*Casa.* [*Returning.*] Said'st thou——?

*Otti.* Last night my husband's dreams revealed

A secret. . . . .

*Casa.* [*Starting.*] How ? thy husband ?  
Marquis Guzman ?

*Otti.* He spoke of plots—of soldiers brib'd. . .  
[*looking round mysteriously, and pointing to the lower part of the palace.*]

Of vaults

Beneath the royal chamber. . . . . Wherefore  
tell I

To thee a tale thou know'st thyself full well ?  
I'll tell it to the King. . . . [*Going*]

*Casa.* Ottilia, stay !

*Otti.* The scarf. . . .

*Casa.* [*Giving it.*] 'Tis thine !—My life is  
in thy hands. . . . .

Be secret, and I live thy slave forever. [*Exit.*]

*Otti.* [*Alone.*] 'Tis plain ! 'tis plain ! Traitor,  
thou lov'st her still !

Am I forsaken then ? Oh shame, shame, shame !  
Forsaken too by one, for whom last night  
I dared a deed which. . . . . Ha ! the palace  
opens,

And lo ! Estella with the Princess comes.

I'll hence, but soon returning make my rival  
Feel what I suffer now. Thus fell Megæra ;  
Tears from her heart one of those snakes  
which gnaw it,

To throw upon some wretch ; and when it  
stings him,



Wild laughs the fiend to see his pangs, well  
knowing  
How keen those pangs are, since she feels the  
same. *Exit.*

AMELROSA, ESTELLA, INIS, and Ladies, ap-  
pear on the terrace of the palace.

AMELROSA.

Forth, forth, my friends! the morn will  
blush to hear  
Our tardy greeting [*descending.*] Gently, winds,  
I pray ye,  
Breathe through this grove; and thou, all-  
radiant sun,  
Woo not these bowers beloved with kiss too  
fierce.  
Oh! look, my ladies, how yon beauteous rose,  
O'er-charged with dew, bends its fair head to  
earth,  
Emblem of sorrowing virtue! [*to Inis*]  
Would'st thou break it?  
See'st not its silken leaves are stain'd with  
tears?  
Ever, my Inis, where thou find'st these traces,  
Show thou most kindness, most respect. I'll  
raise it,  
And bind it gently to its neighbour rose;  
So shall it live, and still its blushing bosom  
Yield the wild bee, its little love, repose.  
*Inis.* Its love? Can flowers then love?  
*Amel.* Oh! what cannot?  
There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in  
ocean,



But lives to love ! for when the Great Un-  
known  
Parted the elements, and out of chaos  
Formed this fair world with one blest blessing  
word,  
That word was Love ? Angels, with golden  
clarions,  
Prolonged in heavenly strain the heavenly  
sound :  
The mountain-echoes caught it ; the four  
winds  
Spread it, rejoicing, o'er the world of waters ;  
And since that hour, in forest, or by fountain,  
On hill or moor, whate'er be nature's song,  
Love is her theme, Love ! universal Love !  
*Est.* See, lady, where the King.....  
*Amel.* I haste to meet him.

*Enter ALFONSO, and Attendants.*

*Amel.* [*Kneeling.*] My father ! my dear  
father !

*Alfon.* Heaven's best dews  
Fall on thy beauteous head, my Amelrosa,  
And be each drop a blessing !—Cheered by  
morning  
Fair smile the skies ; but nothing smiles on  
me,  
Till I have seen thee well, and know thee  
happy.

*Amel.* And I *were* happy, if my eyes per-  
ceived not  
Tears clouding thine. Oh ! what has power  
to grieve thee



On this proud day, when rich in spoils and  
glory

Cæsario brings thee back thy conquering  
troops,

That brave young warrior? Spite of Moorish  
hosts,

And all their new-found engines of destruction,  
Sulphureous mines, and mouths of iron thun-  
der,

He forced their gates! He leap'd their flaming  
gulphs!

Pale as their banner'd crescent fled the Moors,  
And proudly streamed our flag o'er Algesiras!

*Alfon.* And with them fled.....Oh! have I  
words to speak it?

Thy brother, Amelrosa!

*Amel.* How! my brother?

*Alfon.* Oh! 'tis too true. He thinks I live  
too long,

So joined the Moors to hurl me from my  
throne,

Guided their councils, sharpened their resent-  
ment,

And, when they fled, fled with them.

*Amel.* Powers of mercy!

Can there be hearts so black!

*Alfon.* Poor wretched man,

Where shall I turn me? where, since lust of  
power

Make's a son faithless, find a friend that's  
true?

Where fly for comfort.....

*Amel.* To this heart, my father!

This heart, which, while it throbs, shall throb  
to love thee.



Stream thy dear eyes ? my hand shall dry  
those tears ;

Aches thy poor head ? My bosom shall support it !

And when thou sleepest, I'll watch thy dreams,  
and pray

——“ Changed be to joy the sorrow which  
afflicts

“ My king, my father, and my soul's best  
friend ! ”——

*Alfon.* My child ! my comfort !—Yes, yes !  
here's the chain,

The only chain that binds me to existence—

And should that break too.....Shouldst thou  
e'er deceive me—

Oh ! should'st thou, Amelrosa.....

*Amel.* Doubts my father.....

*Alfon.* No, no !—Nay, droop not. By my  
soul, I think thee

As free from guile, as yon blue vault from  
clouds,

And clear as rain-drops ere they touch the  
earth !

Nor love I mean suspicion :—where I give  
My heart, I give my faith, my whole firm  
faith,

And hold it base to doubt the thing I value.

*Amel.* Then why that wronging thought ?

*Alfon.* By fear 'twas prompted ;

By fear to lose, but not by doubt to keep.

And well my heart may fear. Think, think  
how keenly

Ingratitude has wrung that trusting heart !

Think that my faithless son but rends anew



A wound scarce fourteen years had healed.

*Amel.* Orsino ?

*Alfon.* He ! he ! that man . . . . Oh ! how I loved that man !

And yet that man betrayed me !

*Amel.* Is that certain ?

Might not deception . . . . ? Slander loves the Court,

And slippery are the heights of royal favour.  
Who stumbles, falls ; who falls, finds none to raise him.

*Alfon.* Nay, but I saw the writings ; 'twas his hand,

His very hand, nor dared he disavow it :  
For when I taxed him with his guilt, and showed him

His letters to the Moor, awhile he eyed me  
In sullen silence, then contemptuous smiled,  
And coldly bade me treat him as I list.

Arraigned, no plea excused his dark offence ;  
Condemned to die, no word implored for pardon :

But my heart pleaded stronger than all words !  
I saved his life, yet bade him live a prisoner  
Or clear himself from guilt.

*Amel.* And did he never . . . .

*Alfon.* Without one word or look, one tear or sigh,

He turned away, and silent sought the dungeon  
Where three years since he died . . . . Ah !  
said I, died ?

No, no, he lives ! lives in my memory still,  
Such as in youth's fond dreams my fancy formed him,



Virtuous and brave, faithful, sincere and just ;  
My friend ? my guide ?—a phoenix among  
men! . . . . .

How now ? What haste brings fair Ottilia hi-  
ther ?

*Enter OTTILIA, wearing the scarf.*

Pardon, my sovereign, that uncalled I come  
You see a suppliant from a dying man.

*Alfon.* Lady, from whom ?

*Otti.* My husband, Marquis Guzman,  
Lies on the bed of death, and, stung by con-  
science,

By me unloads it of this secret guilt !

Those traitor-scrolls, which bore Orsino's  
name. . . . .

*Alfon.* Say on, say on !

*Otti.* By Guzman's hand were forged.

*Alfon.* Forged ?—No, no, no ! Lady, it can-  
not be !

Unsay thy words or stab me !

*Otti.* Gracious Sir,  
Look on these papers.

*Alfon.* Ha !

*[After looking at them, drops them, and clasps  
his hands in agony.]*

*Amel.* Father ! dear father !

*Alfon.* Father ! I merit not that name, nor  
any

Sweet, good, or gracious. Call me villain !  
fiend !



Suspicious tyrant ! treacherous, calm assassin !

Who slew the truest, noblest friend, that ever

Man's heart was blest with !—Ha ! why kneels my child ?

*Amel.* For pardon first that I have dared deceive thee.....

*Alfon.* Deceive me ?

*Amel.* Next to pay pure thanks to Heaven, Which grants me to allay my father's anguish With words of most sweet comfort.

*Alfon.* Ha ! what mean'st thou ?

*Amel.* Four years are past since first Orsino's sorrows

Struck on my startled ear ; that sound once heard,

Ne'er left my ear again, but day and night, Whether I walked or sate, awake or sleeping, The captive, the poor captive still was there. The rain seemed but *his* tears ; his hopeless groans

Spoke in each hollow wind ; his nights of anguish

Robbed mine of rest ; or, if I slept, my dreams Showed his pale wasted form, his beamless eye

Fixed on the moon, his meagre hands now folded

In dull despair, now rending his few locks Untimely gray ; and now again in phrensy Dreadful he shrieked ; tore with his teeth his flesh ;



'Gainst his dank prison-walls dashed out his  
brains,  
And died despairing ! From my couch I start-  
ed ;

Sunk upon my knees ; I kissed this cross,  
——“ Captive,” I cried, “ I'll die, or set thee  
free !”——

*Alfon.* And didst thou ? Bless thee, didst  
thou ?

*Amel.* Moved by gold,  
More by my prayers, most by his own heart's  
pity,  
His goaler yielded to release Orsino,  
And spread his death's report.—One night,  
when all

Was hushed, I sought his tower, unlocked  
his chains,

And bade him rise and fly ! With vacant stare,  
Bewildered, wondering, doubting what he  
heard,

He followed to the gate. But when he viewed  
The sky thick sown with stars, and drank hea-  
ven's air,

And heard the nightingale, and saw the moon  
Shed o'er these groves a shower of silver light,  
Hope thawed his frozen heart ; in livelier  
current

Flowed his grief-thickened blood, his proud  
soul melted,

And down his furrowed cheeks kind tears came  
stealing.

Sad, sweet, and gentle as the dews, which  
evening

Sheds o'er expiring day. Words had he none,



But with his looks he thanked me. At my feet

He sunk ; he wrung my hand ; his pale lips pressed it ?

He sighed, he rose, he fled ; he lives my father !

*Alfon.* [*Kneeling.*] Fountain of bliss ! words are too poor for thanks ;

Oh ! deign to read them here !

*Amel.* Canst thou forgive

My long deceit....

*Alfon.* Forgive thee ? To my heart

Thus let me clasp thee, best of earthly blessings,

Balm of my soul, and saviour of my justice !

Oh ! blest were kings, when fraud ensnares their sense,

And passion arms their hands, if still they found

One who like thee dared stand the victim's friend,

Wrest from proud lawless Power his brandished javelin,

And make him virtuous in his own despite !

*Enter RICARDO.*

*Ricar.* My liege, your conquering general  
brave Cæsario,

Draws near the walls.

*Alfon.* I hasten to receive

The hero and his troops : that duty done,

I'll seek my wronged friend's pardon. Say my child,

Where dwells Orsino ?

*Amel.* In the neighbouring forest



He lives an hermit : Inis knows the place.

*Alfon.* Ere night I'll seek him there. And  
now farewell

Ever beloved, but now more loved than ever !  
Oh ! still as now watch o'er and timely check  
My hasty nature ; still, their guardian-angel,  
Protect my people, e'en from *me* protect  
them :

Then, after-ages, pondering o'er the page  
Which bears my name, shall see, and seen  
shall bless

That union most beloved of man and heaven,  
A patriot monarch, and a people free !

[*Exit with Ricardo and attendants.*]

*Amel.* My good kind father ! fatal, fatal, se-  
cret,

How weigh'st thou down my heart ! [*Re-  
mains buried in thought.*]

*Otti.* I'll haste and calm

My husband's conscience with Orsino's safety.  
But when our Spanish beauties throng the  
ramparts,

Anxious to see, and anxious to be seen,  
Why stays Estella from the walls ?

*Estel.* Both duty

And friendship chain me where the Princess  
stays.

*Otti.* Duty and friendship ? trust me, glo-  
rious words ;—

Yet there's a sweeter—Love ! Boasts the gay  
band,

Which circles brave Cæsario's laurelled car,  
No youth, who proudly wears Estella's co-  
lours,



And knows no glory like Estella's smile?

*Estel.* Ha! Sure my sight must err?

*Otti.* [*Aside.*] She sees and knows it.

*Estel.* It must be that! ....Princess!

*Otti.* [*Aside.*] So so! now flies she

To her she-Pylades for aid and comfort.

Oh! most rare sympathy! How the fiend  
starts!

And, trust me, changes colour!

*Amel.* Say'st thou? how?

Away, it cannot be!

*Estel.* Convince thyself then.

*Otti.* [*Aside.*] Aye, look your fill! look till  
your eye-strings break.

For 'tis that scarf; that very, very scarf?.....  
So now the question comes.

*Estel.* Forgive me lady,

Nor hold me rude, that much I wish to know,  
Whence came the scarf you wear?

*Otti.* This scarf....Alas!

A paltry toy! a very soldier's present.

*Estel.* A soldier's?

*Otti.* Aye. 'Twas sent me from the camp:

But with such bitter taunts on her who  
wrought it.....!

Breathed ever mortal man such thoughts of  
me,

My heart would break, or *his* should bleed  
for it!

*Estel.* Say you?

*Otti.* Nay mark—"Receive, proud fair,"—  
thus ran the letter—

"This scarf, forced on me by an hand I loath,  
With many an amorous word and tasteless  
kiss!

As I for thee, so burns for me the wanton;



To me as thine, cold is my heart to her ;  
Nor canst thou more despise the gift than I  
Scorn the fond fool who gave it !”.....

*Amel.* Oh ! my heart !

*Inis.* Look to the Princess.

*Otti.* [*Starting*] Ha !

*Estel.* She faints !

*Amel.* No, no,

’Tis nothing—mid-day’s heat.....the o’er-pow-  
ering sun.....

I’ll in and rest.

*Otti.* Princess, permit.....

*Amel.* No lady !

I need no aid of thine—In, in, Estella.

Oh ! cruel false, Cæsario !

[*Exit with Estella, Inis, and Ladies.*]

*Otti.* [*Alone*] Ha ! Is’t so ?

And flies my falcon at so high a lure?—

The Princess ! ’tis the Princess that he  
loves !—

And shall I calmly see her bear away

This dear-bought prize, my secret crime’s  
reward,

My lord, my love, my life, my all?—She  
dies !

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.



*ACT II.*

---

SCENE I. *An hall in CÆSARIO'S palace.*

*[Shouts heard without.]*

*Enter CÆSARIO [a General's staff in his hand] followed by HENRIQUEZ, Citizens and Soldiers.*

*Cæsa.* Thanks, worthy friends ! No further !

—Pleased I hear

These shouts, which thank me for Alfonso's  
safety !

But though *my* arms have quelled the Moors,  
your love

Alone can shield him from a foe more dan-  
gerous,

From his proud rebel son !—Farewell, assured  
I live but for your use !

*First Citi.* Long live Cæsar !

*Sec. Citi.* Long live the Conqueror of the  
Moors !

*All.* Huzza !

*[Exeunt.]*

*Manent CÆSARIO and HENRIQUEZ.*

*Cæsa.* Kind friends, farewell !—Aye, shout,  
ye brawlers, shout !

Pour out unmeaning praise till the skies ring !  
'Twill school your deep-toned throats to roar  
to-morrow,



—“ Long live Cæsario ! Sovereign of Castile ! ” —

Marked you, Henriquez, how the royal doctard

Hung on my neck, termed me his kingdom's angel,

His friend, his saviour, his.....Oh ! my tongue burned

To thunder in his startled ear——“ The man Who raised this war, and fired your son's ambition,

Your daughter's husband, and your mortal foe,

That man am I ! ” ——

*Hen.* Then absence has not cooled, It seems, your hatred.....

*Cæsa.* Could'st thou think it ? thou, Who know'st a secret to all else unknown ! Know'st me no stranger-youth, no chance-adventurer,

Whose sword's his fortune, as Castile believes me ;

But one of mightiest views and proudest hopes, Galled by injustice, panting for revenge, Son of an hero ! wronged Orsino's son !

*Hen.* Yet might your wealth and power—yon General's staff—

Alfonso's countless favours.....

*Cæsa.* Favours ? Insults ! Curses when proffered by an hand I hate ! Bright seems ambition to my eye, and sure To reign is glorious ; yet such fixed aversion I bear this man, and such my thirst for vengeance,

I would not sell his head, once in my power, Though the price tendered were the crown that decks it !



Yet that too shortly shall be mine!—Say,  
Marquis,

How speeds our plot?

*Hen.* 'Tis ripe : beneath his chambers  
The vaults are ours, the sleeping fires dis-  
posed ;

The mine waits but your word.

*Cæsa.* To-night it springs then,  
And hurls my foe in burning clouds to hea-  
ven—

O ! rapturous sight !

*Hen.* And can that sight give rapture  
Which wrings with anguish Amelrosa's bo-  
som ?

She loves her father.....

*Cæsa.* Loves she not her husband ?

*Hen.* She'll hate him, when she knows.....

*Cæsa.* She ne'er shall know it !

All shall be held her rebel brother's deed ;  
And while contending passions shake the  
rabble,

(Grief for the sire, resentment 'gainst the son,  
And pity for the Princess) forth I'll step,

Avow our marriage, claim the crown her  
right,

And, when she mounts the throne, ascend  
it with her.

*Hen.* Oh ! she will drown that bloody throne  
with tears !

And should she learn who bade them flow.....

*Cæsa.* Say on.....

*Hen.* She'll loath you !

*Cæsa.* [*With a scornful smile*] She'll forgive me.

*Hen.* Never, never !

I know the Princess ; know a daughter's love,



A daughter's grief.....

*Cæsa.* And are not daughters women ?  
By nature tender, trustful, kind and fickle,  
Prone to forgive, and practised in forgetting ?  
Let the fair things but rave their hour at ease,  
And weep their fill, and wring their pretty  
hands,  
Faint between whiles, and swear by every  
saint

They'll never, never, never see you more !  
Then when the larum's hushed, profess re-  
pentance,  
Say a few kind false words, drop a few tears,  
Force a fond kiss or two, and all's forgiven.  
Away ! I know her sex !

*Hen.* But know not her !  
Her heart will bleed ; and can you wound that  
heart,  
Yet swear you love her ?

*Cæsa.* Dearly, fiercely love her !  
But not so fiercely as I loath this king !—  
Hatred of him, cherished from youth, is now  
My second nature ! 'tis the air I breathe,  
The stream which fills my veins, my life's  
chief source,  
My food, my drink, my sleep, warmth, health,  
and vigour,  
Mixed with my blood, and twisted round my  
heart-strings !  
To cease to hate him, I must cease to  
breathe !——  
Never to know one hour's repose or pleasure  
While loathed Alfonso lived,—such was my  
oath,



Breathed on my broken-hearted mother's lips.  
She heard! her eyes flashed with new fire;  
she kissed me,  
Murmured Orsino's name, bless'd it and  
died!——  
That oath I'll keep!

*Enter MELCHIOR.*

*Cæsa.* Melchior! why thus alarmed?

*Mel.* I've cause too good! our lives hang  
by a thread!

Guzman is dying.

*Cæsa.* and *Hen.* How?

*Mel.* Remorse already  
Hath wrung one secret from him; and I fear,  
The next fit brings our plot.

*Cæsa.* Speed, speed, Henriquez!  
Place spies around his gate! guard every ave-  
nue!

Mark every face that comes or goes—Away!  
[*Exit Henriquez.*]

*Cæsa.* I'll watch the King myself!

*Mel.* As yet he's safe.

Soon as he parted from the troops, Alfonso,  
By Inis guided, tow'rds the forest sped,  
To seek and soothe his late-found friend Or-  
sino.

*Cæsa.* [*Starting*] Whom, whom? Orsino?  
what Orsino? speak.

*Mel.* The Count San Lucar, long thought  
dead, but saved,  
It seems, by Amelrosa's care—Time pres-  
ses——

I must away: farewell.



*Casa.* At one, remember—  
Beneath the royal tower.....

*Mel.* Fear not my failing.

*Exit.*

*Casa.* [*Alone.*] He lives ! My father lives !

Oh, let but vengeance

Fire him to spurn Alfonso and his friendship.  
His martial fame the memory of his virtues,  
His talents, rank, and sufferings undeserved,.....

Oh ! what a noble column to support

My new-raised power ! [*Going.*]

*Enter OTTILIA.* [*Veiled.*]

*Otti.* Cæsario, stay !

*Casa.* Forgive me,

Fair lady, if my speech appears ungente ;  
Such business calls.....

*Otti.* [*Unveiling*] Than mine there's none  
more urgent.

*Casa.* Ottilia !

*Otti.* Need I say what brings me hither ?

*Casa.* Those angry eyes too plainly speak,  
that still.....

*Estella*

*Otti.* She ? Dissembler ! fiend !—Peace,  
peace ;

I come not here to rave, but to command.

You love the Princess, are beloved again.....

Speak not ! She saw this scarf ; her tears, her  
anguish

Betrayed her secret. Yes, you love the Prin-  
cess !

But, while I breathe, if e'er her hand is your's,  
Strike me dead, lightnings !

*Casa.* Hear me !

*Otti.* Look on this [*showing a paper.*]



*Cæsa.* 'Tis Guzman's hand.

*Otti.* He bade me to the King  
Bear it with other papers; but my prudence,  
For mine own purposes, kept back the scroll.  
Lo! here a full confession of your plots—  
The mine described—the vault—the hour—the  
signal—

What troops are gained—the list of sworn con-  
federates—

And foremost in the list here stands Cæsario!

*Cæsa.* Confusion!

*Otti.* Nay, 'tis so! Now mark me, youth!  
Either mine hand at midnight as my husband's  
Clasps thine, or gives this paper to Alfonso!  
Prepare a friar—at Juan's chapel meet me  
At midnight, or the King.....

*Cæsa.* You rave, Ottilia!  
While Guzman lives....

*Otti.* Young man, his hours are counted:  
Three scarce are his—Last night I drugged the  
bowl

In which he drank a farewell to the world.

Aye, aye, 'tis true! Thou'rt mine! With  
blood I've bought thee!

Nothing now parts us but the grave,—and there,  
E'en there I'll claim thee !.....If to night thou  
com'st not.....

*Cæsa.* I will, by heaven!

*Otti.* Nay, fail at your own peril——  
Your life is in my power! my breath can blast  
you!

Choose, then, Cæsario, 'twixt thy bane and  
bliss—

Love or a grave! a kingdom or a scaffold!

My arms or death's—By yonder Sun I swear,



Ere morning dawns, thou shalt be mine or nothing ! [Exit.

*Casa.* Is't so ?—Thy blood then on thy head—

This paper.....

—This female fiend....the scarf too !....I must straight

Appease the Princess....some well-varnished tale  
.....Some glib excuse—Oh ! hateful task ! Oh,  
Truth !

How my soul longs once more to join thy train,  
Tear off the mask, and show me as I am !  
The wretch for life immured ; the Christian slave  
Of Pagan lords ; or he whose bloody sweat  
Speeds the fleet galley o'er the sparkling waves,  
Bears easy toil, light chains, and pleasant bondage,

Weighed with thy service, Falsehood ! Still to smile

On those we loath ; to teach the lips a lesson  
Smooth, sweet, and false ; to watch the tell-tale  
eye,

Fashion each feature, sift each honest word  
That swells upon the tongue, and fear to find  
A traitor in one's self—By heaven, I know  
No toil, no curse, no slavery, like dissembling !  
[Exit.

SCENE II. *A wild forest, with rocks, water-falls, &c. On one side an hermitage and a rustic tomb, with various pieces of armour scattered near it, "VICTORIA" is engraved on it ; a river is in the back ground.*

*ORSINO stands on a rock which overhangs the river.*

*Orsi.* Yes thou art lovely, World ! That blue-robed sky ;



These giant rocks, their forms grotesque and  
awful

Reflected on the calm stream's lucid mirror ;  
These reverend oaks, through which (their  
rustling leaves

Dancing and twinkling in the sun-beams) light  
Now gleams, now disappears, while yon fierce  
torrent,

Tumbling from crag to crag with measured dash,  
Makes to the ear strange music : World, oh!  
World !

Who sees thee such must needs confess thee fair !  
Who knows thee not must needs suppose thee  
good !

*[With a sudden burst of indignation.]*

But I have tried thee, World ! know all these  
beauties

Mere shows and snares ; know thee a gilded ser-  
pent,

A flowery bank, whose sweets smile o'er a pit-  
fall ;

A splendid prison precious tomb, fair palace  
Whose golden domes allure poor wanderers in,  
And, when they've entered, crush them ! Such  
I know thee

And, knowing, loath thy charms ! Rise, rise,  
ye storms !

Mingle ye elements ! Flash lightnings, flash !  
Unmask this witch ! blast her pernicious beau-  
ty !

And show me Nature as she is, a monster !

—I'll look no more ! Oh ! my torn heart ! Vic-  
toria !

My son ! Oh God ! My son ! Lost ! lost ! Both  
lost !

*[Leaning against the tomb.]*



*Enter ALFONSO, INIS, and Attendants.*

*Inis.* This is the hermit's cave ; and see, my liege, Orsino's self.

*Alfon.* [*Starting back.*] No, no, that living spectre

Is not my gallant friend I seek in vain  
The full cheek's healthful glow, the eye of fire,  
The martial mien, proud gait, and limbs Herculean !

Oh! is that death-like form indeed Orsino ?

*Orsi.* Never to see them more ! Never, no never !

Wife, child, joy, hope, all gone !

*Alfon.* That voice ! Oh ! Heaven,  
Too well I know that voice !—How grief has changed him !

I'll speak, yet dread.....Retire [*Inis, &c. withdraw.*] Look up, Orsino.

*Orsi.* Discovered ?

[*Seizing a lance which rests against the cavern, and putting himself in a posture of defence.*]

Wretch, thy life.... [*Staggering back*] Strengthen me, heaven !

'Tis he ? the King himself !

*Alfon.* [*Offering to take his hand.*]

Thy friend !

*Orsi.* [*Recovering himself, and drawing back his hand.*]

Friend ! friend !——

I've none !—[*Coldly.*]

*Alfon.* Orsino !

*Orsi.* Never had but one,  
And he..... ! Sir, though a king, you'd shrink to hear

How that friend used me !

*Alfon.* Hear me speak, in pity !



*Orsi.* What need of words? I'm found, I'm  
in your power,  
And you may torture me e'en how you list.  
Where are your chains? These are the self-  
same arms  
Which bore them ten long years, nor doubt  
their weighing  
Heavy as ever! These same eyes, which bathed  
So oft with bitterest tears your dungeon-grate,  
Have streams not yet exhausted! and these lips  
Can still with shrieks make the Black Tower  
re-echo,  
Which heard my voice so long in frantic anguish  
Rave of my wife and child, and curse Alfonso!  
Lead on, Sir! I'm your prisoner!

*Alfon.* Not for worlds  
Would I but harm one hair of thine!—Nay,  
hear me!  
And learn, most wronged Orsino, thy clear in-  
nocence  
Is now well known to all.

*Orsi.* Aye? Nay, I care not  
Who thinks me innocent! I know myself so—  
Was this your business, Sir? 'Tis done! Fare-  
well.

*Alfon.* Oh! part not from me thus! I fain  
would say.....

*Orsi.* What?

*Alfon.* I have wronged thee !.....

*Alfon.* [*Sternly.*] True!

*Alfon.* Deeply, most deeply!

But wounding thine, hurt my own heart no less,  
Where none has filled thy place: 'tis thine,  
still thine—

And if my Court....

*Orsi.* What should I there? No, no, Sir!  
Sorrow has crazed my wits; long cramped by  
fetters



My arm sinks powerless ; and my wasted limbs,  
Palsied by dungeon-damps, would bend and tot-  
ter

Beneath yon armour's weight, once borne so  
lightly ?—

Then what should I at Court ? I cannot head  
Your troops, nor guide your councils ; Leave  
me, leave me,

You cannot use me further !

*Alfon.* Oh ! I must,  
And to a most dear service—my heart bleeds,  
And needs a friend ! Be but that friend once  
more !

Be to me what thou wert, (and that was, all  
things!)

Forgive my faults, forget thy injuries.....

*Orsi.* [*Passionately.*] Never !

*Alfon.* That to Alfonso ? That to him, whose  
friendship . . . .

*Orsi.* Peace, peace ! You felt no friendship !  
felt no flame,

Steady and strong !—Yours was a vain light va-  
pour,

A boyish fancy, a caprice, an habit,  
A bond you wearied of, and gladly seized  
A lame pretext to break. Did not my heart  
From earliest youth lie naked to your eyes ?  
Knew you not every corner, nerve, turn, twist  
on't ?

And could you still suspect . . . ? No, no ! You  
wished

To find me false, or must have known me true.

*Alfon.* You wrong me, on my life ! So fine,  
so skilful

The snare was spread . . . . I knew not . . . .

*Orsi* Knew not ? Knew not ?

Thou knew'st I was Orsino ! Knowing that,



Thou should'st have known, I never could be guilty.

*Alfon.* Proofs seemed so strong . . . .

*Orsi.* And had I none to prove  
My innocence? These deep-hewn scars received  
While fighting in your cause, were these no  
proofs?

Your life twice saved by me! your very breath  
My gift! your crown oft rescued by my valour!  
Were these no proofs? My every word, thought,  
action,

My spotless life, my rank, my pride, my honour,  
And, more than all, the love I ever bore thee,  
Were these no proofs?—Oh! they had been  
conviction

In a friend's eyes, though they were none in thine!

*Alfon.* Your pride? 'Twas that undid me!

Your reserve,  
Your silence . . . .

*Orsi.* What! Should I have stooped to chase  
Your brawling lawyers through their flaws and  
quibbles!

To bear the sneers of saucy questioners—  
Their jests, their lies—and, when they termed  
me villain,

Calmly to cry—"Good Sirs, I'm none!"—No  
no:

I heard myself called traitor—saw you calmly  
Hear me so called, nor strike the speaker dead!  
Then why defend myself? What hope was left  
me?

Truth lost its value, since you thought me false!  
Speech had been vain, since your heart spoke  
not for me.

*Alfon.* And it *did* speak . . . Spite of the  
law's decision,

My love preserved your life.....



*Orsi.* Oh! bounteous favour!  
Oh! vast munificence! which, giving life,  
Robbed me of every gem which made life precious!

Where is my wife? Distracted at my loss,  
Sunk to her cold grave with a broken heart?  
Where is my son? Or dead through want, or  
wandering  
A friendless outcast! Where that health, that  
vigour,  
Those iron nerves, once mine?—King, ask your  
dungeons!

*Alfon.* Oh! spare me!

*Orsi.* Give me these again, wife, son,  
Health, strength, and ten most precious years  
of manhood,

And I'll perhaps forgive thee: till then, never!

*Alfon.* What could I do? Thy son had been  
to me

Dear as my own, had not Victoria's pride,  
Scorning all aid . . . .

*Orsi.* 'Twas right!

*Alfon.* She fled, concealed  
Herself and child . . . . Had it on me depended . . . .  
I cannot speak . . . . My heart . . . . Oh! yet  
have mercy,

Think I had other duties than a friend's . . . .

Alas! I was a king!

*Orsi.* And are one still . . . .

Have still your wealth, and pomp, and pride,  
and power,

And herd of cringeing courtiers—still have children . . . .

I had but one, and him I lost through thee.

I, I have nothing! Yon rude cave my palace,  
These rocks my court, the wolf my fit companion—



Lost all life's blessings, wife, son, health! Oh!  
nothing

Is left me, save the right to hate that man  
Who made me what I am!—And would'st thou  
rob me

E'en of this last poor pleasure? Go, Sir! go,  
Regain your court? resume your pomp and  
splendour!

Drink deep of luxury's cup! be gay, be flattered,  
Pampered and proud, and, if thou canst, be happy.  
I'll to my cave, and curse thee!

*Alfon.* Stay, Orsino!

If ever friendship warmed, or pity melted  
Thy heart, I charge thee.....

*Orsi.* Pity? In thy dungeons,  
Sir, I forget the meaning of that word.  
Forten long years no gentle accents soothed me—  
No tears with mine were mixed—no bosom  
sighed

That anguish tortured mine! King, King, thou  
know'st not,

How solitude makes the soul stern and savage!

*Alfon.* Yet were thy soul than adamantine  
rocks

More hard, these deep-drawn sighs.....

*Orsi.* My wife's last groan  
Rings in my ear, and drowns them.

*Alfon.* And these tears  
Might touch thy heart.....

*Orsi.* My heart is dead, King! dead!  
'Tis yonder buried in Victoria's grave!

*Alfon.* Could prayers, unfeigned remorse,  
ceaseless affection,  
And influence as my own unbounded.....

*Orsi.* Hold!



I'll try thee, and make two demands!—But first,  
Swear by all hopes of happiness hereafter,  
And Heaven's best gift on earth, thine angel-  
daughter,  
Whate'er I ask shall be fulfilled.

*Alfon.* I swear!

And Heaven so treat my prayers, as I shall thine!

*Orsi.* 'Tis well: now mark, and keep thine  
oath. My first

Request is—Leave me instantly! My second,  
Ne'er let me see thee more!—Thou hast heard!  
Begone! *[Exit into the cave.]*

*Alfon.* 'Tis well, proud man!—Alas! my  
heart's too humbled

To chide e'en him who spurns it!—

*Inis.* Nay my liege,

Despair not—Sure the Princess....

*Alfon.* Right! I'll seek her;

To her he owes his freedom, and her prayers  
Shall win me back this dear obdurate heart.

Oh! did he know how sweet 'tis to forgive,  
And raise the wounded soul, which, crushed  
and humbled

Sinks in the dust, and owns that it has erred:  
To quench all wrath, and cancel all offences,  
Sure he would need no motive but self love!

*[Exeunt.]*

### S C E N E III. *A garden.*

*Amel.* *[Alone]* And are ye all then vanished,  
sylphs of bliss?

All fled in air, and not one trace one shadow  
Left of my bright day-visions? Is not rather  
All this some fearful dream?—Cæsario false!



I *know* 'tis so, yet scarce can *think* 'tis so!  
Gods! when last night, after long absence  
meeting,  
What looks!...what joy!...and was then all deceit?  
Did he but mock me, when with tears of rapture  
He bathed my hand; knelt; sighed; as had his  
voice  
By pleasure been o'erwhelmed, awhile was silent;  
But soon came words, sweet as those most sweet  
kisses,  
Which grateful Venus gave the swain whose  
care  
Brought back her truant doves!—So sweet, so  
sweet....  
Distrust, herself, must have believed those  
words!  
Oh! and was all but feigned?

*Enter CÆSARIO and ESTELLA.*

*Estella.* Wait here awhile;  
I'll try to soothe her.  
*Cæsa.* My best friend!  
*Estel.* Withdraw!— [Cæsario retires.  
Still bathed in tears?  
*Amel.* [Throwing herself on her bosom.] Oh!  
my soul's sick, Estella.  
My heart is broken, broken!  
*Estel.* Nay, be calm!  
I bring you comfort.  
*Amel.* How?  
*Estel.* Cæsario sues  
For one short moment's audience.....  
*Amel.* I'll not see him!  
*Estel.* Dear princess...  
*Amel.* Never! Saw I not Ottilia



Decked with my gift? Did I not hear....Shame!  
shame!

Go, go, Estella, see him! Say, and firmly,  
We meet no more! say, that the veil is rent!  
Say, that I know him wavering, vain, ungrateful,  
Flattering and false! and having said this, add,  
False as he is, he's my soul's tyrant still!

*Cæsa.* [*Throwing himself at her feet*] Accents  
of Heaven!—My life! my love!

*Amel.* Cæsario?

Farewell for ever!

*Cæsa.* Nay, you must not leave me.  
Hear me but speak....

*Amel.* Release me!

*Cæsa.* But one word....

*Amel.* I'll not be held!—Your pardon! I forgot,  
Sir!

I thought myself still mistress of my actions!  
Still Princess of Castile!—Now I remember  
I'm that despised, unhappy thing, your wife!  
Sir, I obey!—Your pleasure!

*Cæsa.* Oh! how lovely  
Those eyes can make e'en scorn! Yet calm  
their lightnings—  
Once more let love.....

*Amel.* Never—the hours are past  
When I believed thee all my fond heart wished;  
Thought thee the best, the kindest, truest.....  
thought thee.....

Oh! Heaven! No Eastern tale pourtrays the  
palace

Of fay, or wizard (where in bright confusion  
Blaze gold and gems), so glorious-fair, as seemed,  
Trickt in the rainbow-colours of my fancy,  
Cæsario's form this morn!—Too late I know  
thee;

The spell; is broke, and where an Houri smiled,



Now scowls a fiend. Oh! thus benighted Pilgrims  
Admire the glow-worms light, while gloom pre-  
vails

But find that seeming lamp of fiery lustre  
A poor dark worthless worm, when viewed in  
sunshine.

Away, and seek Ottilia.

*Cæsa.* Oh! my princess,  
Deep as thy anger wounds my heart, more deep-  
ly

I grieve to think, how thine will bleed at finding  
This anger undeserved!

*Amel.* Oh! that it were so!  
But no! I saw my scarf.....that very scarf.....  
My own hands wrought it.—Many a midnight  
lamp,

While thou wert at the wars, in toil I wasted,  
And made it my sole joy to toil for thee!  
There was no thread I had not blest! no flower  
I had not kist a thousand times, and murmured  
With every kiss a prayer for thy return!  
And yet thou gav'st this sacred work to buy  
A wanton's favours.....

*Cæsa.* Say, to buy her silence!

*Amel.* Her silence?

*Cæsa.* As this morn I left the palace,  
She marked my flight.....

*Amel.* Just heavens!

*Cæsa.* Though unrequited,  
Her love has long been mine.—She raved; she  
threatened;

She would have vengeance; she would rouse the  
guards;

Alarm the king.....

*Amel.* [*Shuddering.*] My father!

E



*Cæsa.* But her silence  
Bought by that scarf....

*Amel.* Cæsario, could I trust thee !....  
Were this tale true, could I but think....

*Cæsa.* I'll swear....

*Amel.* No ! at the altar thou hast sworn already

Mine were thy hand and heart, and mine forever :

If thou canst break *this* oath, none else will bind thee—

Yet did I wrong thee ? Art thou true ? I fain  
Would think thee so.... But this fond heart, my husband,

Is such a weak sad thing, and where it loves,  
Loves so devoutly.... ! Spare me, dear Cæsario,  
Such fears in future ; let no word, no thought,  
Cloud thy pure faith, for so my soul dotes on thee,

But to suspect thee racks each nerve, and almost  
Drives my brain mad !—Oh ! could'st thou know, Cæsario,

How painful 'tis for one who loves like me,  
To *cease* to love.... ! Cease, said I ?—No, my heart

Ceased to esteem, but never ceased to love thee.  
[*Falling on his neck.*]

*Cæsa.* My soul ! my Amelrosa !—Now all planets

Rain plagues upon my perjured head, if e'er  
I break the vow, which here I breathe ! This heart,

Filled but with thee, and formed but to adore thee,

Is thine, my love ! thine now, and thine for ever !

*Amel.* Hark !—steps approach—Estella ?



*Estel.* [*who has retired, advances hastily.*]

Haste, Cæsario !

You must away ! the King's returned ! I see  
His train now loitering near the garden-gate !  
Fly by the private postern !

*Cesa.* Straight I'll follow. [*Exit Estella.*  
And must I leave thee, leave thee for so long too ?  
The King's affairs now call me far from Burgos,  
And ere we meet again twelve hours must pass.

*Amel.* Ah ! me ! to love an age !

*Cesa.* Yet should I leave thee  
With calmer soul, nor feel such pain in absence,  
Were I but sure one wish.....

*Amel.* [*Eagerly.*] Oh ! name it, name it !  
But ask me nothing light in action : ask me  
Something strange, hard, and painful ! Some-  
thing, such

As none would dare to do but one who loves.  
Name, name this blessed wish.

*Cesa.* 'Tis this—From midnight,  
Till my return, avoid the royal tower.

*Amel.* I promise ; yet what reason....

*Cesa.* When we meet  
Thou shalt know all ; till then forgive my silence :  
Seal with a kiss thy promise, then farewell !

[*Here ALFONSO advances in silence ; his eyes are fixed on his daughter, his hands are folded, and his whole appearance expresses the utmost dejection.*]

*Amel.* Farewell, since it must be farewell—  
But mark !

See not Ottilia ere you go !

*Cesa.* I will not.

*Amel.* And when the bell's deep tongue an-  
nounces midnight,



Breathe thou my name, for at that hour, my  
love,  
I'll think on thee....*That hour!* Oh, fool! as if  
Hours could be found, in which I think not on  
thee.

And must thou go?—Nay, if thou must, away,  
Or I shall bid thee stay, and stay for ever!  
Farewell, my husband!

*Cæsa.* My soul's joy, farewell! [Exit.

*Amel.* Oh! pain of parting!

[Turning round, her eye rests on ALFONSO. She starts, and remains as petrified with terror. After a pause, he passes her in silence; but, on his reaching the door, she rushes towards him, her hands clasped in supplication.]

Father!

[ALFONSO motions to forbid her following, and goes off.]

*Amel.* Oh! I'm lost! [She falls senseless on the ground.]

END OF ACT II.



*ACT III.*  

---

SCENE I. *A chamber in the palace.**Enter OTTILIA and INIS.*

*Otti.* Was it so sudden?—What! no cause assigned,  
And so severe a shock too?—Trust me, Inis,  
Thy tale alarms me!

*Inis.* On the earth we found her  
Senseless and cold: we raised and bore her hither.

Where she revived only to sigh and sorrow,  
Wring her fair hands, and shriek her father's name.

*Otti.* 'Tis wondrous strange!—Mourning my own afflictions,  
'This rumour reached me; straight all else forgotten,  
Hither by love and duty urged I sped,  
Nor come I trust in vain,—this phial holds  
Drops of most precious power.—Good Inis,  
take it,

And in your lady's drink infuse this liquid:  
My life upon her cure.

*Inis.* Obedience best  
Will speak my thanks, nor doubt....Lo, where  
approaches  
My lady's ghostly father, holy Basil!



*Enter Father BAZIL.*

*Bazil.* Pardon that rudely thus I break your  
parley,  
But from the King I come, to bid the Infanta  
Attend him here.—Good Inis lead me to her.

*Inis.* Here lies our way—Again I thank you,  
lady ;

Ere night I'll use your gift. *[Exit with Bazil.]*

*Otti.* And if thou dost,  
Go ring a funeral knell, and get thee mourning,  
And gather flowers to strow thy lady's grave :  
Thou'lt gather none so sweet as that I wither !  
—Hark ! 'twas her voice.—How at the sound  
seemed ice

To seize my every vein !—My victim comes !  
—I cannot bear her sight !—So young to die !  
So young, so fair, so gentle, and so good !  
With such an angel's life, and my soul's quiet....  
Oh, God ! Casario, thou art purchased dearly.  
*[Exit.]*

*Enter AMELROSA, BAZIL, ESTELLA, INIS, and  
Attendants.*

*Bazil.* No passion flushed his cheek ; his voice,  
his manner  
Though solemn were not stern ; and when he  
named you,  
A tear gushed forth, ere he could turn him from  
me.

Then droop not thus, nor doubt paternal love....

*Amel.* Oh ! 'tis that love distracts me, for his  
love



Was love so great! 'Twas but this morn he  
termed me

The only tie which chained him still to life!

And I have broke that tie!

*Basil.* Nay, gentle Princess!

*Amel.* Perhaps have broke his heart too! from  
his lips

Have dashed Joy's last poor lingering drop, and  
shown him,

His only prop was frail as all the former!

Could I but think he felt like *common* parents,

That when he found my fault, affection died,

Then I were blest! then *I* alone should suffer,

And, when his hatred broke my heart could seek  
Some lone sad place, and lay me down and die!

Alas! alas! I know I was his darling!

Know, by the joy I gave him once, too well

How sharp the grief must be, I cause him now!

*Basil.* That partial love which cherished thus  
your virtues,

Will now absolve your fault.

*Amel.* But when he frowns?

I ne'er yet *saw* him frown,—but sure he's dread-  
ful!

Oh! ere I meet those eyes (which yet ne'er  
viewed me

But their kind language spoke uncounted bles-  
sings)

And find them dark with gloom, and dread with  
lightnings,

Closed be my own in death!—Hark! hark! he  
comes

In all his terrors comes to spurn and drive me

For ever from his sight.—His frown will kill me!

Shield me, Estella, shield me!



ALFONSO enters, followed by RICARDO and Courtiers.

*Alfon.* [*Aside, looking at Amelrosa.*] Can it be!  
Can she too have deceived.....!—Retire awhile!  
[*Exeunt Estella, &c.*]

*Manent ALFONSO and AMELROSA.*

*Alfon.* Princess.....!

*Amel.* [*Advancing with timidity, then rushing forward, and falling prostrate at his feet.*] My Father?—Oh! my Father!

*Alfon.* Rise!

Nay rise: what fear'st thou? Wherefore weep,  
and tremble?

*Thou* hast no cause for grief! The poisoned ar-  
row

Has pierced no heart, but mine! These eyes  
alone

Need weep for what they've seen! *Thou* hast  
not felt

What 'tis to lose all faith in man! to see  
Joy and hope die together; and to find,  
When all thy soul loved best hung on thy neck,  
Each kiss was false, and each sweet smile was  
hollow!

Well! well! 'Tis past grief's curing! wondrous  
bitter,

But must be borne! A few short months, and  
then

The grave mends all.

*Amel.* [*Aside.*] Pangs of the dying sinner,  
Are ye more sharp than mine!

*Alfon.* More tears?—Perhaps  
You tremble, lest my regal wrath should crus



The audacious slave who stole his sovereign's daughter?

No, Princess, no! I can excuse the youth,  
Nor look from mortals for divine forbearance.

A fairer fruit than ever dragon guarded,  
Courting his hand and hung within his grasp,  
He could not chuse but pluck it.

*Amel.* Oh! I would

My heart could spring before thine eyes, and  
show thee

Each word thou utter'st, written there in blood!  
That it could speak.....!

*Alfon.* What could it say? but plead

The youth's fair form, high fame, and great  
acquirements!

Gratitude that from ruffian hands he saved thee,  
Feelings too fond, and thus excuse thy love!

But could it e'er excuse thy long dissembling,  
Thy seeming confidence, thy vows all broken,  
Thy arts to lull me in a blissful dream,  
From which the waking's dreadful? Why de-  
ceive me?

Why hide as from a foe thy thoughts from me?  
Why banish me thy bosom? Didst thou fear me?  
Didst fear my power, my pride, my wrath? Oh!  
was I...

Was I so harsh a father, Amelrosa?

*Amel.* [*Aside.*] Heart, sure thy strings are  
steel, or they would break!

*Alfon.* Yet 'tis deserved? I was too fond! too  
partial!

Still loved thee better than my son, whose heart  
Perhaps this partial love has turned against me—  
If so, my pain is just!—Daughter, I'll chide  
No more; nor came I here to chide, but bless  
thee,



This parchment gives thy lord Medina's dukedom,

With all its fair domains; the dowry promised,  
When my fond bosom hoped that princely Arrogan.....

But that's now past!—Take it—farewell—be happy——

We meet no more!

*Amel.* [*Covering her face with her hands.*] Oh! heaven!

*Alfon.* 'Twere vain, 'twere cruel,  
To make thee toil to fan thy love's faint embers,  
Since faith is dead; and though I still doat on thee,

I'll trust no more—Thy choice is made, and may  
That choice prove all thy fondest dreams e'er pictured!

Blest be thy days as the first man's in Eden,  
Before sin was! Be thy brave lord's affection  
Firm as his valour, lovely as thy form!

And shouldst thou ever know, with thy whole soul

What 'tis to love a child, and hold it dearer!  
Than freedom, light, or life....Oh! may that darling

Show thee more faith, than thou hast shown to me.

I've done—Have there the deed—Farewell!

*Amel.* [*Grasping the hand which he extends with the parchment, and pressing it to her lips.*] Have mercy!

*Alfon.* Mercy?—On whom?

*Amel.* An humbled, breaking heart,  
But which, though breaking, loves thee dearly,  
dearly!

Throw me not from thee!



*Alfon.* Hast not all thy wishes?  
Thy husband's pardon, honour, wealth, and  
freedom,  
To live with whom, and how, and where thou  
wilt?

What wouldst thou more?

*Amel.* That, without which all these  
Are nothing, and each seeming grace true cur-  
ses!

Thy heart! thy heart, my father! Give me that!  
Thy whole, whole heart, such as I once pos-  
sess'd it,

Soft—kind—indulgent—open—feeling—fond!

'Tis this I ask,—or, this denied, to die.

Yes! strike me at your foot; spurn, trample,  
crush me!

Twist in my streaming locks your hand, and  
drag me,

Till from my wounded bosom streams of blood  
Gush forth, and dye the marble red!—All this  
Were far less anguish to a *generous* soul,  
Than this so torturing love, so cruel kindness!

*Alfon.* I will not hear....

*Amel.* Oh! leave me not, my father,  
Nor bid me leave thee! Let my anguish move  
thee;

Let not, though great, a single error lose me  
The fruits of twenty years pass'd in thy service,  
Which in thy service pass'd seemed short as mo-  
ments.

*Alfon.* It must not be.....

*Amel.* You would, but cannot hide it;  
I still am dear! Each look, each feature speaks  
it,  
Speaks too a softening heart—Oh! hear its  
pleading,



And bid me stay ! I'll only stay to love thee !  
 Look on me ! mark my altered form ! observe  
 The strong convulsions of my gasping bosom !  
 See my wan cheeks, eyes swoln, lips trembling!  
 feel

How scalding are the tears with which I dew  
 This dear, dear hand ! Judge by thy own *my* sufferings,

And bid me cease to suffer ; when with force,  
 Such as despair alone can give, and louder  
 Than fiends implore from their volcanic prisons  
 The Arch-angel's grace, I cry to thee—" Have  
 mercy."—

*Alfon.* My child.....No, no!—'Twere weakness.....

*Amel.* Weakness, said'st thou ?

Oh ! glorious fault ! Oh ! fair defect !—Oh !  
 weakness

Passing all strength ! If to forgive be sin,  
 How deeply then must Heaven have sinned to  
 man !

Oh ! be thy faults like Heaven's ! Relent, my  
 father !

Pardon.....! Oh ! speak that word !

*Alfon.* My heart ! my heart !

My bursting heart !

*Amel.* That word, that blessed word,  
 So quickly said, so easy, as 'twere magic  
 Breaks sorrow's spell and bids her phantom's fly !  
 That word, that word, that one, one little word,  
 And I am blest!—

*Alfon.* [*Yielding to his emotions, and clasping her eagerly to his bosom.*] Be blest then ! [*Exit.*]

*Amel.* Now, ye stars,  
 Which nightly grace the sky, if ye love goodness,



Pour dews celestial from your golden vials  
On yon dear gracious head!—Oh! why is now  
My husband absent?—Lend thy doves, dear  
Venus,  
That I may send them where Cæsario strays;  
And while he smoothes their silver wings, and  
gives them  
For drink the honey of his lips, I'll bid them  
Coo in his ear, his Amelrosa's happy!  
Joy, joy, my soul! Bound, my gay dancing  
heart!  
Waft me, ye winds! To bear so blest a creature  
Earth is not worthy! Loved by those I love,  
I've all my soul e'er wished, my hopes e'er fan-  
cied,  
My father's friendship, and Cæsario's heart!  
Leave me but these, and, fortune I defy thee!  
[Exit.

SCENE II. *The forest as before.*

*Enter CÆSARIO and HENRIQUEZ.*

*Cæsa.* He spurned him, Marquis, spurned  
him! With such scorn,  
Such genuine ardent hate, repaid his soothing....  
Oh! by that hate I feel, the blood which fills  
These veins is right Orsino's!

*Hen.* 'Tis reported,  
The King shed tears.

*Cæsa.* Marquis, he wept, fawned, pleaded  
Remorse, and sued for pardon with such fer-  
vour,

As starving souls for bread!

*Hen.* Did not at this



Orsino's sire melt?

*Cæsa.* Melt? Like yon fortress-rock,  
(Which rears its tower-clad front above the bil-  
lows,  
Nor heeds the winds that blow, nor rains that  
beat,)  
Proof against tears, and deaf to all entreaties,  
Unmoved the stern one stood, and frowned his  
answer.

Oh! fear not, friend: like me he loaths Alfonso,  
And, when I place revenge within his grasping,  
Will spring to reach it.

*Hen.* 'Tis past doubt, his aid  
Were to our cause a tower of strength; yet still  
I fear, lest.....Some one leaves the cave!—'Tis  
he!

I'll wait beneath yon limes.

[*Exit.*

*ORSINO enters from the cave.*

*Cæsa.* Now by my life  
A noble ruin!

*Orsi.* I return to Burgos?  
For what? To show my scars, and hear court-  
Ladies  
Rail at the wars for making men so hideous?  
To bear the coxcomb's sneer, the minion's fawn-  
ing,  
And see fools sweetly smile at my good for-  
tune,  
Who, when my death was signed, smiled full  
as sweetly?  
No, no, I'll none on't.—[*Seeing Cæsario.*]—  
Plagues and fiends! another?  
More gold and silk! more musk, fair words,  
and lying!



Will these Court-flies ne'er cease to buz around me?

Well, Sir, what seek ye here?

*Cæsa.* Revenge!

*Orsi.* Indeed?

On whom?

*Cæsa.* On lawless Power!—Ask ye for what;  
A Father's wrongs and Mother's murder!

*Orsi.* [*Starting.*] How?

That voice....Let me look on thee well—Those lips;

Those eyes....Oh! Heaven, those eyes too!—I ne'er saw

But one have eyes like thine, an earthly angel,  
And with the angels now!—Fair youth, who art thou?

*Cæsa.* Speaks not thy heart....

*Orsi.* It does, youth, Oh! it does;

But I'll not trust it, for if false its whispers  
So sweet, so painful sweet....! Dear good youth,  
tell me,

Spare a poor broken heart, and tell me quickly  
Thy father's name.

*Cæsa.* My father? Oh! that was

A man indeed, and model for all others!

His country's sword! his country's shield! an  
hero!

A demi-god!—And, great as were his actions,  
So were his wrongs!

*Orsi.* His name! His name!

*Cæsa.* [*Rushing into his arms.*] Orsino?

*Orsi.* I have him! hold him here!—Death  
alone parts us,

My son! Victoria's son?—Come, come, my boy,  
Kneel at this tomb with me; join thou my suit



For the blest dust beneath, and read through  
tears

Here sleeps thy mother. Wandering forth to  
seek her,

Unknown her fate and thine, chance led me hi-  
ther:

I marked yon tablet, read yon piteous lines,  
Threw those now useless arms for ever from me,  
Sank on Victoria's grave, nor left it more,  
Yet, yet I died not!—Amelrosa's kindness,  
Which gave me freedom, traced me to this spot,  
And saved my life, my wretched life, which still  
I only use to mourn thy loss Victoria!

Know'st thou, my boy, when her eyes closed  
for ever,

Whose hand.....

*Casa.* Her son's!——

*Orsi.* [*Grasping Cæsario's hand.*] Was't thine!

*Casa.* 'Twas mine too raised

Yon rustic tomb, and 'twas this cave received her  
When, desperate at your loss, she fled the Court,  
Here long she sorrowed, here at length she died.  
Died of a broken heart!—Aye, weep, my father;  
For know the King shall pay each tear thou  
shedd'st

With drops of blood!

*Orsi.* The King?—Boy, name him not!  
That sound is poison!—I was once so happy!  
Was once so rich!—And that one man stole all!  
My curse be on him!

*Casa.* Man, thy curse is heard.

*Orsi.* Is heard? What mean'st thou?

*Casa.* Vengeance! Hark, Orsino——

Soon as my mother died, (believed Cæsario,  
A young unknown) I sought the Court, where  
chance



Gave me from ruffian-Moors to save the Princess.

This made Alfonso mine, and still I've used him  
To further mine own ends. Joy, joy, my father!  
My plots are ripe, the King's best troops corrupted,

His son too through my arts declared a rebel,  
And ere two nights are past, I'll strip the tyrant  
Both of his throne and life—Rouse then, and  
aid.....

Now, sir? Why gaze you thus?

*Orsi.* I fain would doubt it,

Fain find some plea.....No, no! each look, each  
feature,

And my own heart.....'Tis true; thou art my  
son!

*Cæsa.* What mean you?

*Orsi.* [*Passionately.*] Art my son, and yet a  
villain!

*Cæsa.* [*Starting.*] Villain?

*Orsi.* Destroy Alfonso?—What! Alfonso  
The wise, the good?

*Cæsa.* With thee then was he either?  
Has he not wronged thee?

*Orsi.* Deeply, boy, most deeply!——  
But in his whole wide kingdom none but me!  
Look through Castile! See all smile, bloom,  
and flourish!

No peasant sleeps ere he has breathed a blessing

On his good King!—No thirst of power, false  
pride,

Or martial rage he knows; nor would he shed  
One drop of subject-blood to buy the title  
Of a new Mars! E'en broken-hearted widows



And childless mothers, while they weep the slain,

Cursing the wars, confess his cause was just !  
Such is Alfonso, such the man whose virtues  
Now fill thy throne, Castile, to bliss thy children !

What shows the adverse scale ! What find we there ?

*My sufferings ! Mine alone ! And what am I,  
That I should weigh me 'gainst the public welfare ?*

What are my wrongs against a monarch's rights ?

What is my curse against a nation's blessings ?  
*Cæsa. Yet hear me.....*

*Orsi. I assist your plots ? I injure  
One hair that's nourished with Alfonso's blood ?  
No ! The wronged subject hates the ungrateful master,*

*But the world's friend must love the Patriot King.*

*Cæsa. Amazement ! Can it be Orsino speaking ?*

'Tis some Court minion sure, some tool of office,

Some thread-bare muse pensioned to praise the throne,

This cannot be the man, whose burning vengeance,

Whose fixed aversion....

*Orsi. Boy, 'tis fixed as ever*

*Alfonso's sight, his name, his very goodness.  
Forcing my praise, torture my soul to madness.  
I hate him ! hate him ! but still own his virtues ;*



And though *I* hate, Oh ! Bless the good King,  
Heaven !

*Cæsa.* Oh ! most strange patience ! most rare  
stretch of temper !

What ! Bless the man, who thought you trea-  
cherous, base,

Ungrateful.....

*Orsi.* And because he thought me such,  
(Remembering only what his fault deserves,  
Forgetting all that's due to mine own honour,)  
Shall I become the wretched thing he thought  
me ?

Prove his suspicions just ? quit the proud sta-  
tion

Where injured virtue towers, and sink me down  
to

His level who oppress'd me ? Oh ! Not so !——

When hostile arms strain every nerve to crush  
me,

Pang follows pang, and wrong to wrong suc-  
ceeds

Piled like the Alps, each loftier than the last  
one :

To pay those wrongs with good, those pangs  
with kindness,

Torise the foe once fallen, bind his gored breast,  
And heap with generous zeal, favours on fa-  
vours,

Till his repentant spirit melts, and bleeds  
To think he ever pained an heart like mine,  
Such is *my* hate ! such my proud soul's whole  
object !

The only vengeance *noble* minds should take.

*Cæsa.* Farewell then, since far other hate is  
mine,



And asks for other vengeance.—I'll to seek it !

*Orsi.* Stay, youth, and hear me ! Ere you quit  
this spot

(Since virtue has no power to chain or awe thee)  
Swear to forego thy traiterous schemes, or  
straight

I'll seek the King.....

*Casa.* You dare not ! No, you dare not !

Nay start not ! I but know my power, and use it.

Look on these lips and eyes ! they are Victo-  
ria's !

And shall Victoria's lips be sealed for ever ?

And shall Victoria's eyes be closed in death ?

E'en while you rage, with looks so fond you eye  
me,

They speak, your love will guaranty your si-  
lence.

*Orsi.* 'Tis true too true ! But, dear and cruel  
boy !

Though threats succeed not, let these tears  
prevail,

Tears for thy dying virtue—Oh ! look round  
thee ?

See to mankind what curses bad Kings are,

And learn from them the blessings of a good  
one !

*Casa.* Father, in vain you urge me ! Know,  
I've sworn

Alfonso's death ? my mother's shade demands  
it ;

Who asked that promise, with an oath confirm-  
ed,

And what she asked I gave !

*Orsi.* Oh ! Wherefore didst thou ?

Since she required an oath to seal thy promise,



Thou shoudst have known thy promise must be  
wrong.

Virtue and truth are in themselves convincing,  
Nor need the feeble sanction of man's lips,—  
As the sun needs no aid from foreign orbs,  
Itself a fire-formed world of light and glory.  
What meant thine oath? What meant those magic words,

Save by thy lips to bind thy hand to do,  
What makes each wise head shake, each good  
heart shudder?

Thy impious vow.....

*Cæsa.* Impious or just, once sworn,  
To break it sure were shame!

*Orsi.* My son, 'twere virtue,  
When to perform it were the worst of crimes.  
'Twas wrong to swear; be with that wrong contented;

A second fault cannot make right the first,  
And acts of guilt absolve no act of folly\*.

*Cæsa.* Guilt? Then we jar for words! I see but  
glory,  
Where thou see'st guilt! Yet call it what thou  
wilt:

I *may* be guilty, but I *must* be great.

*Orsi.* A dreadful word!

*Cæsa.* A Crown! A Crown invites me!  
A glorious crown!

*Orsi.* Glorious? Oh! No! True glory  
Is not to *wear* a Crown, but to *deserve* one.

\* "Promises are not binding, where the performance is unlawful; the guilt of such promises is in the making, not in the breaking them.

"Promisory *oaths* are not binding where the promise itself would not be so.—Thus Jephthah's vow was not binding; because the performance in that contingency became unlawful."—*Paley's Philosophy.*



The peasant-swain, who leads a good man's life,  
And dies at last a good man's death, obtains  
In wisdom's eye wreaths of far brighter splendour,

Than he whose wanton pride and thirst for empire

Make kings his captives, and lay waste a world.

*Casa.* And is't not glorious then to bless my country

By just and gentle ruling! fight her battles!

Preserve her laws.....?

*Orsi.* Thou, thou preserve her laws?

Thou fight her battles, thou? I tell thee, boy,  
The hand which serves its Country should be pure!

Ambition, selfish love, vain lust of power

Ravage thy head and heart! and would'st thou hold

The judgment-balance with an hand still red

With royal blood! Would'st thou dare speak a penance

On guilt, thyself so guilty? Can'st thou hope,  
Castile will trust her to thee? God forbid!

Mad is that nation, mad past thought of cure,  
Past chains and dungeons, whips, spare food, and fasting,

Who yields the immoral man a patriot's name,  
And looks in private vice for public virtue!

Thou play the patriot's part? Away! Away!

Who wounds his country is the worst of monsters;

But good men only should *presume* to serve her—

Thy guilt once seen.....

*Casa.* And who shall see that guilt

When wrapt in purple, and the world's eye dazzled

By the o'er-powering blaze a Crown emits?—



What Pilgrim, gazing on some awful torrent,  
Thinks through what roads it pass'd? Let gold-  
en fortune

But smile propitious on my daring crimes,  
And all my crimes are virtues!—Mark this,  
father!

The world ne'er holds those guilty, who succeed.  
[Exit.

*Orsi.* [Alone.] How shall I act?—He said,  
within two nights!—

Whate'er is done, must be done soon—Oh!  
how,

How shall I tread this labyrinth! How contrive  
To save my King, yet not destroy my son!

The Princess?—Ha! Well thought!—It shall  
be so.

I'll seek her, and Alfonso's life preserved,  
At once shall pay her kindness for my freedom,  
And buy my son's full pardon!—Yes, I'll haste,  
And snatch my sovereign from this gulph of ruin,  
I, I the Atlas of his tottering throne—

Prosperous, I shunned; Unhappy, I forgive  
him;

He reigned, I scorned his power—He sinks, I'll  
save him. [Exit.

END OF ACT III.



# ACT IV.

---

## SCENE I. *Amelrosa's chamber.*

AMELROSA [*in white robes, crowned with flowers,*]

ESTELLA [*with a letter.*]

*Amel.* 'Tis strange!—At this late hour!—In  
armour say'st thou?

*Estel.* In sable armour; round his neck was  
slung

A bugle-horn.—In courteous guise he prayed  
me

Give you this note unseen.

*Amel.* Unseen!—How is this! [*Reading.*]

“One, not unknown, requests an immediate  
“audience on matters most important: Prin-  
“cess, delay not, as you value your father's  
“life.”

Not signed?—My father's life! Estella, say,  
Did he not tell his name?

*Estel.* He said this jewel

Would speak, whence came his letter.

*Amel.* Ha!—The ring

I gave Orsino!—Quickly seek yon stranger,  
And charge him wait me at St. Juan's Chapel;  
For there to pass the night in grateful prayer,  
E'en now I go——Friend, speed thee!

[*Exit Estella.*]



*Amel.* [*Alone.*] Doubt and terror.....  
My father's life?—And yet, for such a father  
What need I fear? Heaven will defend its own,  
And wings of seraphs shield that King from harm,  
Whose proudest title is—"His People's Father,"  
Whose dearest treasure is his people's love!  
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *St. Juan's cloisters by moon-light,—  
On one side a Gothic chapel.*

*Orsi.* [*Alone in black armour.*] Yes, this must  
be the place—Estella named  
St. Juan's shrine, and sure 'tis for the Princess  
Yon altar flames—Oh! hallowed vaults, how  
often  
Ye ring with prayers, which granted would des-  
troy  
The fools who form them\*! Virgins there re-  
quest  
Their charms may fire the heart of some gay  
rake,  
Who proves a wedded curse—There wives ask  
children,  
And, when they have them, find their vices such  
They mourn their birth—The spendthrift begs  
some kinsman  
May die, and vows that Heaven shall share the  
spoil—  
While the young soldier prays his sword ere long  
May blush with blood, (and with whose blood he  
cares not,)  
Swearing, if so his arm may purchase glory,  
He'll pay its price, a thousand human hearts.

\* Vide Juvenal. Satire 10.



And all these mad, these impious vows are usher-  
ed

With chaunt of cloistered maids, and swell of or-  
gans—

As could our earthly songs charm Him, who  
hears

Seraphs and cherubs wake their harps divine,  
While the blest planets, hymning in their orbits,  
Pour forth such tones, as reached their mortal  
ears,

Man would go mad for very extasy!—

Well, well! Such forms are good to force ex-  
ample

On purblind eyes: But prayer from earth ab-  
stracted,

Breathed in no ear but Heaven's\*; when lips  
are silent,

But the heart speaks full loudly; thanks the  
music,

Man's soul the censer, and pure thoughts the  
incense

Kindling with grace celestial: That's the wor-  
ship,

Which suits Him best who, past all prayer and  
praise,

Esteems one grateful tear, one heart-drawn bles-  
sing,

Which thanking God, declares that man is happy.

—Ha! Gleams of torches gild yon distant aisle!

\* St. Matthew, c. vi. 6: "When thou prayest, enter in-  
to thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy  
Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in  
secret shall reward thee openly."



*Enter Father BAZIL.*

*Bazil.* Stranger, what dost thou here, where  
now to offer

Gifts at yon shrine for wondrous favour shown  
her,

The Princess hastens?—See she comes: retire!

*Orsi.* Your pardon, reverend father! I obey.

[*Exit Orsino.*]

*A procession enters of Nuns and Friars with lighted  
tapers; then follow AMELROSA, ESTELLA, INIS,  
and Ladies, carrying offerings.*

*Amel.* I thank ye, holy friends!—Now leave  
me here,

Where I must watch the livelong night, and feed  
Yon sacred lamps, telling each hour my beads,  
And pouring thanks to Heaven and good St. Ju-  
an.

Till morn farewell——

*Bazil.* May angels guard thee, daughter,  
Pure as thy thoughts, and join thee in thy pray-  
ers. [Exeunt.]

*Amel.* [*Alone.*] He is not here—Oh! How my  
bosom throbs

To know this fearful secret! Sure he cannot  
Have missed the place?

*Orsi.* [*Entering.*] All's dark again, and silent.  
Perhaps her courage failed her, and she's gone.  
If so, what must be done?—No, no! A shadow  
Moves on the chapel porch! 'Tis surely she.

*Amel.* Hark!—Steps!—Orsino?

*Orsi.* He.

*Amel.* Oh! good Orsino,



What brings thee here ? Those words, " My father's life !"

Like spells by witches breathed to raise the dead,  
Filled my heart's circle with a croud of phantoms,

Doleful and strange, which groan to be released.  
Thy news ! thy news ! Oh, speak them in one word,

And let me know the worst !

*Orsi.* Thy fears, though great,  
Are justified by that I have to tell.

Princess, a plot is formed, and ripe for action,  
To spoil thy father of his throne and life.

*Amel.* My father ! my good father !

*Orsi.* What can goodness  
And moral duties 'gainst the assaults of passion ?  
Those chains, e'en when they seem than diamond harder,

Soften, calcine, and fall like dust away,  
Touched by the burning finger of ambition.

*Amel.* This vile, vile world ! Oh ! is there one  
on earth

So lost to virtue, he would harm my father !

*Orsi.* There is, and one most favoured ! one  
who owns

He long has lived nearest Alfonso's heart ;  
His friend, his trusted friend ! and yet this traitor,

This worst of traitors.....(shame denies me utterance !)

This traitor, Princess, is Orsino's son !

*Amel.* Thy son ? thy long lost son ?

*Orsi.* Long lost, late found,

And better than found thus, if lost for ever !  
Go, Princess, go ; preserve your sire :—I lay  
Bound at my sovereign's feet this precious victim—



Yet while you paint the son's offence, paint also  
His father's anguish! Plead for him, dear lady,

Oh! plead for him, and save him! since I own,  
(Own it with shame) dearer than air or eye-sight  
I love, I dote upon Cæsario!

*Amel.* [*Starting.*] Whom?

*Orsi.* Cæsario is his name.

*Amel.* 'Tis not 'tis not!

Or, if it be, it means not *that* Cæsario!  
Not *my* Cæsario! No, no, no!

*Orsi.* A soldier,

Who says he saved thee once.....

*Amel.* Peace! death-bell, peace!

Thou ring'st the knell of all my joys!

*Orsi.* What mean'st thou?

What sudden passion.....

*Amel.* Hear me, wretched father!

This son, now guilty thought, but guiltier far,  
(Who knows with what idolatry I dote on  
My father, and yet plots to tear him from me!)  
Is one, to buy whose barbarous heart, I spurned  
All the world prizes—fame, respect, and empire!

Nay, risked my father's love! This man, this  
man.. ..

He is....Oh Heaven!....My husband!

*Orsi.* [*Striking his forehead.*] Slave!—Wretch!  
—Fiend!—

And yet Orsino's son!—Alas, Poor Princess!

Gav'st thou him all, and rends he all from thee?  
Was he thy love, and would he be thy bane?  
Has he thy heart, and stabs it? Now, all plagues  
Hell ever forged for dæmons, light.....



*Amel.* Hold ! hold !

Oh ! curse him not—No, save him ! Some one comes.....

We shall be marked....This way and let us study  
How we may rescue best....

*Orsi.* No ! let him perish !

Perish, and seek the flames his guilt deserves :  
The sooner, 'tis the better !

*Amel.* Silence, silence !

Dear friend, this way—be patient !—Oh ! Cæsario,

And couldst thou have the heart to torture mine !

[*Exeunt.*]

*CÆSARIO enters muffled in his cloak.*

*Casa.* Not come yet ? 'Tis past midnight, and  
'twas here

She bade me join her.—Ha ! why flame yon  
lamps ?

Should any loitering monk....No, no, 'tis vacant,  
And all as yet is safe.—Fate let this hour  
Be mine, and with the rest do what thou wilt.  
I hear her !—To my work then !—Why this  
shivering ?

—I would fain spare her.—If she yields to reason

'Tis well ; if not....She's here.

*Enter OTTILIA.*

*Otti.* I find thee punctual !

'Tis well for thee thou art so ! By my life,  
If thou hadst failed me, I had sought the King !



Where is the priest?—On to the chapel!

*Casa.* Stay,

And hear me! for the hour is come, that  
weighs

Our fates in the same balance. Thus then briefly—

Thou art most fair, in wit most choice and subtle ;

In all rare talents still surpassing all ;

And for these gifts, and thy long tried affection,  
I feel, I owe thee much! owe thee firm friendship,

Eternal gratitude, faith, favour, love,

And all things, save my hand! Except but this,  
(Which now I must not give, nor couldst thou  
take)

And ask what else thou wilt.

*Otti.* Most gracious sir,

For thy fair praise, and these so liberal offers  
Of granting all, save that which I would have,  
Accept my thanks, I've heard thee ; now hear  
me.

I'll be thy wife, or nothing!

*Casa.* Lady, lady,

You know not what you ask!

*Otti.* I know myself

Worthy of what I ask, and know my power,  
Which you, it seems, forget.—Is not my dowry  
Your life and crown? Let me but speak one  
word,

And straight your fancied throne becomes a  
scaffold!

No more, but to the chapel.

*Casa.* If to move thee

Ought would avail....

*Otti.* It cannot.



*Cæsa.* Once a king.....

*Otti.* I share thy throne.

*Cæsa.* 'Mid all Castile's first honours  
Make thou thy choice.....

*Otti.* 'Tis made.

*Cæsa.* And still remaining  
My friend, my love.....

*Otti.* Thy wife ! thy wife ! or nothing !

*Cæsa.* Nay, then I'll crush thy frantic hopes  
at once ;  
I'm married !

*Otti.* [*Starting.*] What ?—I hope thou dost  
but feign ;  
For thy sake hope it, since, if true this marriage,  
Thou'rt lost past saving !

*Cæsa.* Nay, unbend thy brow,  
Nor stamp, nor rave—the Princess is my wife,  
And frowns unbind not whom the church hath  
bound.

The javelin's thrown, and cannot be recalled ;—  
Thine be the second prize, the first is won,  
And all thy grief and rage, that 'tis another's,  
Will but torment thyself.—Be wise, be wise,  
And bear with patience what thou canst not cure.

*Otti.* I will not curse !—No ; I'll not waste in  
vapour

The fire, which burns within me. What I feel,  
My deeds will tell thee best. [*Going.*]

*Cæsa.* [*Detaining her.*] Ottilia, stay ;  
If yet one spark of love remains.....

*Otti.* [*Passionately.*] Of love !  
Of love for thee ?—Mark me ! ere sets the sun  
My rival dies, and thou once more art free :  
But now so deadly is the hate I bear thee,  
'Twill joy me less to see thee mine, than dead !



Thy blood ! thy blood ! 'Tis for thy blood I  
thirst,

And it shall stream.—Farewell.

*Casa.* Go then, proud woman,  
I brave thy rancour——Ere thou gain'st the pa-  
lace,

I'll spring the mine.

*Otti.* Indeed ? Now hark awhile,  
Then die for spite, thou base, thou baffled trai-  
tor !

Six trusty slaves wait but my call to bind  
And bear thee to the King!—Aye, rage, rage,  
rage !

For I'll invent such tortures to dispatch thee,  
Such racks, such whips, such baths of boiling  
sulphur,

The damned shall think their pains mere mirth  
and pastime,

And envying furies own their skill outdone.

I go to prove my words !

*Casa.* Thou must not leave me....

*Otti.* Worlds should not bribe my stay....

*Casa.* Thou'rt in my power.....

*Otti.* Thy power ? Thy power ? I brave it !  
I defy it,

Scorn both thy power and thee ! Unhand me,  
ruffian,

I'll not be held—Within there ! Hasten hither !

Antonio ! Lopez !—Treason ! Treason !

*Casa.* Nay then,

This to thy heart——[*Stabbing her.*]

*Otti.* Help, help ! Oh ! vile assassin !



*Enter ORSINO. [Hastily.]*

*Orsi.* What clamours.....Hold! You pass not!

*Casa.* Give me way,

Or else thy life.....

*Orsi.* Ruffian defend thine own! [*Exeunt fighting.*

*Otti.* [*Alone, leaning against a pillar.*] My blood streams fast! I'm wounded...deeply wounded!——

My voice too fails; I cannot call for help.

To hope for life were vain; but for revenge.....

Could I but reach the palace.....[*Advancing a few steps, then sinking on the ground.*] 'Twill not be!

I faint!——Oh, Heaven!

*Enter AMELROSA.*

*Amel.* All's hushed again! How fearful  
After those shrieks appear the midnight calm!  
—Orsino?—Speak! Orsino?—No one answers.  
What can this mean?

*Otti.* Fainter and fainter still!——  
And no one comes!——

*Amel.* Hark! 'Twas a groan! whence came  
it? [*Seeing Ottilia.*]  
Stranger look up!

*Otti.* A voice! Oh! blessed sound!  
Who'er thou art, mark well my dying words;  
A villain's hand.....I'm wounded.....

*Amel.* Gracious Heaven!  
Oh! let me fly for aid.....

*Otti.* All aid were vain.  
Stay! Mark! Revenge!——[*Taking a paper from her bosom.*]



This paper...take it...bear it  
Swift to the Royal Tower—lose not a moment—  
Insist to see the King—take no denial,  
For 'tis of most dear import.

*Amel.* Sure! It must be...?

Ottilia!

*Otti.* [*Starting up wildly.*] Heaven, who speaks?  
'Tis she herself!

My victim, 'tis my victim!—Dost thou live  
then?

Hast thou escaped.....Spare me, thou God of  
mercy!

Oh! spare me this one crime!—

*Amel.* What means this passion?

How wild she eyes me! How she grasps my  
hand!

*Otti.* Answer, and bless me! Say thou didst  
not drink it!

Say Inis did not...While I speak, the blood  
Fades from thy cheek! Thine eyes close! Dying  
pangs

Distort thy features! Pangs like those which  
shortened

*His* life, whose angry ghost, grim, fierce, and  
ghastly,

Comes gliding yonder! See his livid finger  
Points to the poisoned cup! He frowns and  
threatens!

Pray for me, angel! Pray for me! I dare not!

*Amel.* Alas! poor wretch!

*Otti.* Help! help! The spectre grasps me,  
And folds me to his breast, where the worm  
feeds!

He tears my heart-strings!—Now he sinks, he  
sinks!



And sinking grasps me still ! and drags me down  
with him,

A thousand fathom deep !—Oh ! lost ! lost !  
lost ! [Dies.]

*Amel.* She's gone !—Sure earth affords no  
sight more awful,  
Than when a sinner dies——She named the  
King !——

Perhaps this writing...By yon favouring lamp  
I'll find its meaning. [Ascending the chapel steps.]

*Enter ORSINO.*

*Orsi.* Aided by night  
The villain has escaped me. [Seeing Amelrosa,  
who, while reading by the lamp suspended in the  
chapel-porch, expresses the most violent agitation.]  
Princess !—Ha !

Why thus alarmed ?—[Amelrosa gives him the  
paper in silence, with a look of agony.] This pa-  
per ?—Heaven, what's this ? [Reading.]

——“ My King, Cæsario plots your destructi-  
“ on :—A mine is formed in the Claudian vaults,  
“ beneath the Royal Tower, and which the con-  
“ spirators mean to spring this night. This  
“ warning will enable you to defeat their pur-  
“ pose : Accept it as an atonement for the  
“ crimes of the dying Guzman. The mine is  
“ appointed to be sprung when the clock strikes  
“ one.”—— [The letter falls from his hand.]

*Amel.* [Rushing from the chapel in despair.]

One ! One !—'Tis that already !—Oh ! He's  
lost !

My Father's lost !—Ere we can reach his cham-  
ber,

'Twill sink in flames !

*Orsi.* That must be tried—Say, Princess,



How may I gain admittance to the King,  
Nor meet delay?

*Amel.* This signet...[*Giving a ring.*]

*Orsi.* 'Tis enough.

Know you the Claudian vaults?

*Amel.* I do.

*Orsi.* Away then!

Reach them with speed! cling round Cæsario,  
kneel,

Weep, threaten, soothe, implore! to rouse his  
feelings

Use every art; at least delay his purpose,  
'Till thou shalt hear this bugle sound; that sig-  
nal

Shall speak Alfonso safe.—Farewell.

*Amel.* Oh! Heaven!

Oh! dreadful hour!

*Orsi.* Take heart: if time allows me,  
I'll save thy father: if too late...

*Amel.* Then, then,  
What wilt thou do?

*Orsi.* What? Plunge into the flames,  
And perish with my King!—Away! away!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *A cavern.*

*Enter MELCHIOR with a lamp, as from an inner  
cavern.*

*Mel.* Hush!—No, he comes not! Sure 'tis  
near the time.

A light!—Who's there?—Henriquez!



*Enter HENRIQUEZ, lighted by LUCIO.*

*Hen.* Aye, the same.

*Mel.* Now, Lucio, where's thy lord?

*Lucio.* He charged me tell you,  
He would not fail at one.

*Mel.* The rest wait yonder.  
Gomez, Sebastian, Marcos, none are wanting;  
Our Chief alone is absent.

*Hen.* He'll not tarry.  
Lead to the inner vault, I'll wait him there.  
*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter AMELROSA.*

*Ame!.* Those gleams of light ...I must be near  
the place.

—Voices!—I'll on!—Oh! Heaven! I can no  
further.

—I faint!—I die!—*[Catching at a fragment of the  
cave, against which she leans as stupefied.—A  
pause.—The bell strikes One.]*

Hark! the bell gives the signal!

Oh! for a moment's strength....Hold, mur-  
derers, hold!  
*[Rushes off.]*



SCENE IV. [*The inner cavern, partially lighted with lamps. In the middle, folding-doors guarded with iron-bars.—On one side a rough hewn staircase leading to a small door above.*]

GOMEZ, MARCOS, and Conspirators, discovered in listening attitudes.

Gomez. 'Tis strange! the time is past...and yet not here?

Mar. Henriquez too is absent.

Gomez. Steps approach. [*Knocking at the folding-door.*]

Who knocks?

Hen. [*Without.*] A friend.

Mar. The pass word.

Hen. Empire!

Gomez. Open. [*Marcos unbars the door.*]

HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, and LUCIO, enter through the folding doors, which MARCOS again closes.

Gomez. Friends welcome! Melchior, is thy work complete?

Mel. Complete, and fit for springing—Nought is wanting—

The train is laid; one spark, and all is done.  
Our Chief alone....

Gomez. The private door unlocks!

Hen. Cæsario only has the key.

Mel. 'Tis he!

[CÆSARIO descends the staircase swiftly; his looks are wild; his hair flows loose, and he grasps a bloody dagger.]

All. Welcome, Cæsario, welcome!



*Casa.* Aye, shout, shout,  
And kneeling greet your blood-anointed king,  
This steel his sceptre! Tremble, dwarfs in guilt,  
And owe your master! Thou art proof, Henri-  
quez,

'Gainst pity; I once saw thee stab in battle  
A page who clasped thy knees; And Melchoir  
there

Made quick work with a brother whom he hated.  
But what did *I* this night? Hear, hear, and re-  
verence!

There was a breast, on which my head had  
rested

A thousand times; a breast, which loved me  
fondly,

As Heaven loves martyred saints; and yet this  
breast

I stabbed, knaves, stabbed it to the heart! Wine!  
wine! there!

For my soul's joyous! [*Gomez brings a goblet.*]

*Hen.* Friend, what means this phrensy?

What hast thou done? Where is Ottilia?

*Casa.* [*Dashing down the goblet.*] Dead!

Dead, Marquis!—At that word how the vault  
rings,

And the ground shakes! It shall not shake my  
purpose.

Murder and I are grown familiar, friends;  
The assassin's trade is sweet? I've tasted blood,  
And thirst for more! Say, is the mine.....

*Mel.* All's ready—

*Casa.* Who fires the train?

HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, and all the conspirators.  
I!— I!—

*Casa.* Oh! cheerful cry!



Oh ! glorious strife for guilt ! Let each man  
throw

His dagger in my casque ; be his the service,  
Whose steel I draw.

*Hen.* 'Tis mine——

*Casa.* [*To Lucio.*] Thy torch, boy ! [*Giving  
it to Henriquez.*] Take it,

Here lies thy way—speed, speed, and let yon  
vaults,

Shivering in fragments, tell my ravished ear  
Alfonso dies ! Away ! away !——[*On his throwing  
open the folding doors Amelrosa is discover-  
ed.*]

*Amel.* Forbear !

*All.* The Princess !

*Amel.* No ! no, Princess ; 'tis a daughter,  
Fierce through despair, frantic with fear and an-  
guish.

Hear me, ye dread unknown ! Yon flinty man  
Ne'er knew a father's care, and knows not now  
What 'tis to *love*, what 'tis to *lose* a father !  
But ye (if e'er a parent's hand hath dried  
Your infant tears ; if e'er your eyes have stream-  
ed

To see him weep, knowing your hand but scar-  
red

Gave him more pain, than his own heart torn  
piece meal.)

Oh ! spare my father ! Bid those hours revive  
Which filial love once bless'd ; recall youth's  
feelings,

And by those feelings learn to pity mine.

Spare, spare my father !

*Casa.* [*Struggling to conceal his confusion.*]

Spare him ? Sure thou rav'st !



What fears my gentle love ?

*Amel.* I'm not thy love !

Not gentle ! Strange despair has changed my nature ;

Steeled my soft bosom, braced my woman's nerves,

And brought me here, prepared and proud to perish,

If my heart's blood may save my sire's from streaming.

The savage tigress guards her new-born young  
With tenderest, fiercest care ; the timorous swallow,

If robber-hands approach her brood, defends it  
With eagle-fury ; and what brutes will do

To guard their offspring, born perhaps that day,  
Shall *I* not do for one, to whom I owe

Full twenty years of love ? Cæsario, mark me,  
For by Heaven's Host, no power shall move my purpose :

Or thou must save my sire, or murder me.

*Hen.* What must be done ?

*Mel.* Time presses !

*Cæsa.* [*Recovering from his stupor.*] Fire the train !

*Amel.* [*Interposing between the inner vault and Henriquez.*]

He shall not !

*Cæsa.* Amelrosa !

*Amel.* No ! he shall not !

Back, ruffian, back ! and throw that torch away,  
Which burns to light my father's funeral pile :

Here I'll defy thy rage, thus check thy malice,  
Thus bar thy road, and, if thou needs wilt pass,

Make thee a way by trampling on my corse !

I stir not else !



*Casa.* Nay, then I'll use my power,  
And, as thy husband, now command thee....

*Amel.* Thou?

Man, thou canst not command me!

*Casa.* Art thou not  
My wife?

*Amel.* I am; but ere I was a wife,  
I was a daughter, was a subject; nay,  
Am still a Princess, and as such command  
Thee, traitor! thee! and bid thee turn from evil.  
[*To Henriquez.*]—Away! You pass not!

*Casa.* Force her from the door!

*Amel.* [*Clinging to a column.*] Oh! for the  
Hebrew's strength to shake yon vaults,  
And crush these traitors and myself!

*Mel.* In vain  
You struggle.

*Amel.* Cut my hands off! stab me! kill me!  
[*They force her away.*]

*Casa.* Henriquez, to your work!  
[*Henriquez enters the vault.*]

*Amel.* Oh! barbarous men!  
Where shall I turn....Cæsario, dear Cæsario!  
Once thou wert kind.....Aid, aid my prayers, ye  
angels,  
And force this cruel man to save at once  
My husband's honour, and my father's life!  
Turn not away! Look on me! see my tears,  
And pity me! Friend! husband! lover! all  
That makes life dear, I charge you! I implore  
you.....

*Hen.* [*Returning from the vault.*] The train is  
fired.

*Amel.* [*Dashing herself on the earth.*] Barbari-  
ans! Fiends! Distraction!



Fall, fall, ye vaults, and crush me !

[*A bugle horn sounds, Amelrosa starts from the ground.*]

Hark the signal!.....

He lives ! he lives ! [*Kneeling and clasping her hands.*]

Oh, Heaven ! my thanks !

Cæsa. 'Tis done !

[*The mine blows up with a loud explosion, and the back part of the vault burst into flames.*]

END OF ACT IV.



ACT V.

SCENE I. *The interior of Orsino's hermitage.*

*Alfonso is discovered sleeping.*

*Enter ORSINO and RICARDO.*

*Orsi.* Come they in force?

*Ricar.* At least five thousand strong;  
But stronger far in loyalty than numbers.  
Scarce heard my tale, clamours of rage and pity  
Burst from the croud, and every peasant swore  
He'd perish or preserve that sovereign's rights,  
Who used them ever for the poor man's good.

*Orsi.* Honest Ricardo! When to serve thy  
King

I judged thee truest of the true, I erred not.  
The lords to whom I sent thee, what reception  
Found'st thou from them?

*Ricar.* Such as almost would prove,  
Ingratitude is *not* the vice of Courts:  
But when I said, Orsino was to head them,  
Their zeal, their joy.....

*Orsi.* No more.—Are they at hand?

*Ricar.* An hour will bring them here.

*Orsi.* We'll then tow'rds Burgos,  
And ere the swarth Castilian sees the sun  
Pour on his rip'ning vines meridian beams,  
Cæsario's royal dream shall close for ever!



—[*Looking on Alfonso.*]—He sleeps!—Oh!  
 come, all ye who envy monarchs,  
 Look on yon bed of leaves, and thank Heaven's  
 kindness!

Which saved ye from the sorrows of a throne.

*Ricar.* My dear, my injured master!

*Orsi.* Go, Ricardo,

Watch for our friends; and when from yonder  
 rock

Thou see'st their forces, warn me. [*Exit Ricardo.*]

*Orsi.* [*To Alfon.*] Canst thou sleep,

And sleep thus soundly on so rude a pallet?

There's many a prince (whose couch is strown  
 with roses,)

Finds their sweet leaves but serve to harbour as-  
 pics:

There's many a conqueror stretched on down,  
 who passes

The live-long night to woo repose in vain,

And view with aching, restless, sated eyes,

The trophies which nod round his crimson bed.

But fraud, ambition, treachery, plots, and mur-  
 der,

In vain would banish *his* repose who sleeps

Watched by his prospering kingdom's anxious  
 angel,

And lull'd to slumber by his people's prayers.

But see!—He wakes!—[*Lowering his vizor.*]

*Alfon.* [*Waking.*] Do what thou wilt, Cæsario,

But harm not my poor child!—How now!—

Where am I?

—What place....I see it all!—Lo!—where he  
 stands,

Whose well-timed warning snatched me from  
 the flames,

And led me hither.—Say, thou dread preserver



Mysterious stranger, ease a father's anguish;  
How fares it with my child; What news from  
Burgos?

*Orsi.* Burgos believes thee dead! Cæsario fills  
Thy vacant throne....

*Alfon.* I ask not of my throne!  
My child! Oh! say, my child...?

*Orsi.* Is safe, is well,  
And hopes ere long to see her sire once more  
Adorned with regal pomp, and lord of Burgos.

*Alfon.* Alas! vain hope!

*Orsi.* Not so: thy faithful nobles,  
By me apprized, now haste to give thee succour:  
Ere night, Cæsario falls! and piercing his,  
Thy just revenge shall print a mortal wound  
On his proud father's heart.

*Alfon.* His father's?

*Orsi.* Aye!

On his, who paid thy love this morn with curses,  
Spurning thy proffered friendship—Know'st thou  
not

Cæsarso is Orsino's son?

*Alfon.* Just heavens!

And does Orsino love him?

*Orsi.* Dearly, dearly!

Loves him to madness! loves him with like fury,  
As hates he thee!—Oh! Glorious field for ven-  
geance!

Think, how 'twill writhe his haughty soul to hear,  
This son, this darling, perished on the scaffold,  
Branded, disgraced, a traitor, a foiled traitor!  
Joy, joy, Alfonso! Ere 'tis night thy wrath  
Shall gorge itself with blood.

*Alfon.* Now blessings on thee,  
Who giv'st me more than all my foes can take!



Come, come, my friend! where are these troops? Away!

Forward to Bugos!

*Orsi.* [*Detaining him.*] Whither now?

*Alfon.* To Burgos!

Down with the walls! Make once Cæsario mine....

*Orsi.* And then.....?

*Alfon.* I'll seek his father, grasp his hand,  
And say,—“ This stripling stole my darling daughter,

“ Betrayed my confidence, usurped my throne,  
“ Aimed at my life, and almost broke my heart :  
“ But he's Orsino's son! Orsino loves him,  
“ And all's forgiven.”——[*Orsino kneels, takes the King's hand, and presses it to his lips.*]—How now?

*Orsi.* [*Raising his vizor.*] All is forgiven!

*Alfon.* 'Tis he!—Orsino's self!

*Orsi.* My pride is vanquished :

My King!——Thy hand, my King!

*Alfon.* My heart, my heart!

There find thy place, and never leave it more.  
Oh! from my joy again to name thee friend,  
Judge of my grief to think thou wert my foe!  
How *could* I doubt thee? How commit an error  
So gross.....!

*Orsi.* No more! E'en now thou pay'st its penance :

In this long chain of present woes, that error  
(Which seems at first so light) was the first link.  
It tore me from my son: Else, reared by me,  
Formed in thy Court, and schooled by my example,

*My* son must sure have proved thy truest subject.



Oh! Learn from this, how weighty is the charge,  
A monarch bears; how nice a task to guide  
His power aright, to guide it wrong how fatal!  
If subjects sin, with them the crime remains,  
With them the penance; but when monarchs  
err,  
The mischief spreads swift as their kingdom's  
rivers,  
Strong as their power, and wide as their domains.

*Enter RICARDO.*

*Orsi.* Now, friend?

*Ricar.* From yonder height I caught distinct  
The gleam of arms.

*Orsi.* 'Tis well—Away, my sovereign,  
And join your troops; then shape your march  
tow'rds Burgos,  
Nor doubt the event, for who that loves his  
Country,  
To save his King shall fear to die himself?  
None, surely none! The patriot-glow shall catch  
From heart to heart throughout Castile, as  
swiftly  
As sparks of fire disperse through summer-fo-  
rests;  
Till all in care of thee forget themselves,  
And every good man's bosom bucklers thine!  
Forward, my King!—Lead on! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A chamber in the palace.*

*Enter HENRIQUEZ and MELCHIOR.*

*Mel.* And the grave council  
Fell blindfold in the snare?



*Hen.* They could not fail,  
So well Cæsario spread it—With such art  
He told his tale, and in such glowing colours  
Painted Alfonso's worth, and his son's guilt,  
That all cried vengeance on the Prince Don Pedro,

And bade Cæsario mount his forfeit throne.

*Mel.* And he, no doubt, obeyed ?

*Hen.* In modest guise  
He owned his union with the Princess gave him  
Some rights, but vowed, so heavy seemed its  
weight,

He feared to wear a Crown, so prayed them spare  
him :

Till won by urgent prayer at length he yielded,  
And kindly deigned to be a King.

*Mel.* He's here,  
And Bazil with him.

*Enter CÆSARIO, Father BAZIL, and Attendants.*

*Casa.* [*Entering.*] Bid her rest assured,  
Her King is her first subject. But, good father,  
How bears her health, this shock ? Say, looks  
she pale ?

Does she e'er name..... ?

*Bazil.* She bade me lead thee hither,  
And claimed my promise not to tell thee more  
I'll warn her, thou art here. [*Going.*]

*Casa.* Say too, my heart  
Shares every pang of her's ; that Crowns are  
worthless

Bought with her tears ; that could my prayers,  
my blood,

Restore Alfonso's life.....

*Bazil.* Hold ?—On that subject  
What thou wouldst tell her, will come best from  
thee. [*Exit.*]



*Cæsa.* Ha!—Meant he.... No! Sure had he known my secret,  
The monk had canted 'gainst the guilt of treason,  
'Thundering out saint-like curses!—Vile, vile chance,  
Which led the Princess.... Yet what fear I now?  
She keeps my secret: then she loves me still,  
And, loving, must forgive me—Hark! I hear her.—

Now all ye powers of bland persuasion, shed  
Your honey on my lips! Come to my aid,  
Ye soft memorials of departed pleasures,  
Kind words, fond looks, sweet tears, and melting kisses!

Sighs of compassion; drown her anger's voice!  
Smooth ye her frown smiles of delight and love!  
Make her but mine once more, and this day crowns me

Monarch of all my soul e'er wished from fate:  
Yes, in my wildest dreams I asked but this,  
"Love and Revenge! A Throne and Amelro-  
sa!"—

Retire!—I dread to meet her.

[*Henriquez &c. Exeunt.*]

*AMELROSA enters, pale, and leaning on Father BAZIL.—ESTELLA, INIS, and Ladies, follow weeping.*

*Amel.* 'Tis enough,  
Good Father, and one task performed, I'll meet  
That hour with joy which seems to guilt so fearful.

Leave me awhile: Anon, if time allows it,  
We'll talk again—Farewell, my friends,

*Inis. [Kneeling.]* Oh! Princess!  
Oh! Royal victim!

*Amel.* Nay, be calm, my *Inis*.



Pass a few years, and all had been as now,  
 Perhaps far worse : receive this kiss of pardon,  
 And give it back in Heaven !——Farewell !

[*Exeunt Estella &c.*]

*Manent CÆSARIO and AMELROSA.*

*Cæsa.* How grief  
 Has changed her ! Ah ! how sunk her eyes !  
 her cheeks  
 How pale !—She comes !—How shall I bear her  
 anguish !

*Amel.* Not to reproach, for that you sought  
 a life,  
 Which you well knew I prized above my own ;  
 Not to complain, that when my heart reposed  
 On you for all its earthly joys, you broke it,  
 I seek you now : but with true zeal I come  
 To warn thee, yea with tears implore thee, turn  
 From those most dangerous paths, which now  
 thou tread'st.

Oh ! wake, my husband ! Close thy guilty  
 dream ;  
 Be just, be good ! be what till now I thought  
 thee !

That when we part (as ere two hours we must)  
 We may not part for ever.

*Cæsa.* How to answer,  
 Or in what words excuse...! Could my best blood  
 Wash out thy knowledge of my fault...

*Amel.* My knowledge ?  
 And say, on earth *none* knew it ! Say thy crime  
 To eye of man were viewless as the winds,  
 And secret as the laws which rule the dead :  
 Could'st hide it from thyself ?—Would not *He*  
 know it,  
 Whose knowledge more than all thou ought to  
 dread,



His, who knows all things?—Oh ! short-sighted mortals !

Oh ! vain precautions ! Oh ! mis-judging sense !  
Man thinks his secret safe, for no ear heard it !  
Man thinks his act unknown, for no eye saw it !  
But there was One above both saw and heard,  
When neither ear could hear, nor eye could

*Cæsa.* Thou lovely moralist ! Oh ! take me !  
school me !

Mould thou my heart, and make it like thine  
own.

*Amel.* Dost thou speak truth ?

*Cæsa.* Be that one act forgiven,  
And prove....

*Amel.* Oh ! That were light : As yet thou'rt  
guilty

In thought alone ; My Father lives !

*Cæsa.* Indeed !

*Amel.* He starts !—He feigned !—Oh ! for  
Heaven's love ; my husband,  
Trifle not now ! This hour is precious, precious !  
My soul is winged for Heaven, and stays its  
flight,

In hopes of teaching thine the way to follow :  
Let not its stay be vain ! Let my tears win thee,  
And turn from vice : Repent ! Be wise be war-  
ned ;

For 'tis no idle voice that gives the warning ;  
I speak it from the grave !

*Cæsa.* The grave !

*Amel.* What fear'st thou ?  
Why shudder at a name ?—Oh ! If thou needs  
Wilt tremble, tremble for thyself, not me.  
I die to live ; thy death may be for ever !  
Short are my pangs ; thy soul's may be eternal !



*Casa.* Die ?—Die !—Each word....Each look  
.....Dreadful suspicions.....

But no ! It cannot, shall not be !

*Amel.* It shall not ?

As I've a soul, in one short hour, Cæsario,  
That soul must kneel before the throne of God. '

*Casa.* Mean'st thou.....

*Amel.* E'en so ; I'm poisoned !

*Casa.* Torture ! Madness !  
Within there !

*Re-enter Father* BAZIL, ESTELLA, &c.

*Casa.* Help, Oh ! help ! The Princess dies !  
I'll speed myself.....

*Amel.* [*Detaining him.*] No, no, thou must  
not leave me :

My hour of death is near, and thou must see it...

*Casa.* Distraction !

*Amel.* Must observe, how calm the transit,  
How light the pain, how free death's cup from  
bitter,

When virtue soothes, and hope exalts the soul.

I've seen a sinner die ; Last night I closed

Ottilia's lids, and 'twas a sight of horror !

Each limb, each nerve was writhed by strange  
convulsions,

Clenched were her teeth, her eye-balls fixed and  
glaring ;

She foamed, she raved, and her last words were  
curses !—

But look, Cæsario !—I can die, and smile !

[*Sinks into Estella's arms.*]

*Casa.* [*In despair.*] My life !—My soul !—

*Amel.* [*In a faint voice.*] But while one mo-  
ment's mine,

By all thy vows of love, by those I breathed,

And never broke through life, never, no, never,



I charge thee, I conjure thee.....

[Starting suddenly forward.]

Powers of mercy,

Whence this so glorious blaze ?

*Cæsa.* How her eyes sparkle !

*Amel.* Look, friends ! Look, look !—My mother, my dead mother,

Rich in new youth, and bright in lasting beauty !

She floats in air ; her limbs are clothed with light !

Her angel-head is wreathed with Eden's roses !

Heaven's splendours rove amid her golden locks,

While her blest lips and radiant eyes pour round her

Airs of delight and floods of plied glory !

She moves !—She smiles !—She lifts her hand !

—She beckons !

World, fare thee well !—Mother, lead on !—I follow !

[Exit with Estella, &c.]

*Cæsa.* [Alone.] My brain ! my brain !—Oh !

I ne'er knew till now,

How well I loved her !—[Following her.]

*Enter HENRIQUEZ.*

*Hen.* Turn, Cæsario, turn !

Wer'e lost ! Alfonso lives ; e'en now his troops  
Assail our walls.

*Cæsa.* Confusion ! is all Hell

Combined.....

*Enter MELCHIOR.*

*Mel.* Betrayed, betrayed ! The gates [are  
opened ;

The townsmen join our foes ; I saw the King  
First in the fight.....

*Cæsa.* The King ?—My brain is burning ;



I'll cool it with his blood.—Forth, forth, my sword :

Forth, nor be sheathed till I return thee dyed  
With royal gore—Away !

[*Exeunt Henriquez and Melchior ; Cæsario is following when Amelrosa shrieks from within : he stops and remains motionless.*]

*Amel.* [*Within.*] Oh ! Mercy mercy !

*Inis.* [*Within.*] She dies !

*Estel.* [*Within.*] Nay, hold her ! hold her down !

*Amel.* [*Within.*] Oh ! Oh !

[*Solemn requiem chaunted within.*]

Peace to the parted saint ! Pure soul, farewell !

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *A field of battle—alarums—thunder and lightning.*

*Soldiers cross the stage fighting.*

*Enter ORSINO.*

*Orsi.* Oh ! shame, shame, shame !—Sun,  
thou dost well to hide thee,  
Nor light Castile's disgrace.—Oh ! I could tear  
My flesh for rage !

*Enter RICARDO.*

*Ricar.* All's lost !—the foe prevails !  
What must be done, Orsino ?

*Orsi.* Where's the King ?

*Ricar.* He fights still.

*Orsi.* Seek him ! save him ! bid him fly,  
Fly with all speed : thou know'st to find his  
courser.

Away !

*Ricar.* General, thou'rt wounded !

*Orsi.* 'Tis no matter.

*Ricar.* Thou'lt bleed to death.....

*Orsi.* And if I should, I care not :



The King, the King!—Oh! waste no thought  
on me:

The best of subjects can but lose one life,  
But thousands perish when a good King bleeds.  
Nay, speed!

*Ricar.* [*Looking out.*] See! see! Our troops....

*Orsi.* They fly, by Heaven!

Turn, turn, ye cowards! 'Tis Orsino calls!  
Follow, slaves, follow me, and die, or conquer!  
[*Soldiers enter pursued by Henriquez, &c. Orsino  
rallies them, and drives Henriquez back.*]

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Burgos.—The  
storm continues.*

*Enter CÆSARIO.*

*Casa.* Shall I ne'er find him? Shall my mo-  
ther's spirit

Still ask revenge in vain? This flame, which burn  
My blood up, shall it ne'er be quenched with his?  
'Tis he! 'tis he!—I see the high plume waving  
O'er his crowned helmet:—Thunders, cease,  
nor rob me,

Of his expiring shriek!—Turn, turn, Alfonso!  
[*Exit.*]

[*Shouts of victory.*]

*Enter HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, MARCOS, GOMEZ.  
and Soldiers.*

*Hen.* We triumph, Melchior!—See our trusty  
squadrons

Range the field unopposed. But where's our chief?

*Mar.* How now! what clamour.....

*Mel.* Look, Henriquez, look!

Cæsario and the King in single combat!

*Hen.* They come this way!—mark, with their  
ponderous blows

How their shields ring!—Cæsario loses ground!



Yield thee, Alfonso!—[*Interposing between Alfonso and Cæsario, who enter fighting.*]

Cæsa. Back, I say! Back, back!

No arm but mine.....

Alfon. Cæsario, pause, and hear me!

Whate'er thou wilt.....

Cæsa. Thy life!

Alfon. Medina's dukedom,  
And Amelrosa.....

Cæsa. Flames consume the tongue,  
That names her! Thou hast rent my wound  
anew,

Recalling what was mine, but is no longer!  
Look to thy heart, for, if my sword can reach it,  
Thou diest!—Come on!—[*They fight; Alfonso loses his sword, and is beaten on his knees.*]

Cæsa. Thou'rt mine!—and thus....[*At the moment that he motions to stab Alfonso, Orsino, without his helmet, deadly pale, and bleeding profusely, rushes in, and arrests his arm.*]

Orsi. Hold! hold! \*

Cæsa. My father bleeding! Horror!

Orsi. Does that pain thee?

Oh! by this blood, (a father's blood, the same  
Which fills thy veins, and feeds thy life) I  
charge thee,  
Shed not thy King's.

Cæsa. Father, thy prayers are vain!  
He broke my mother's heart! his own must  
bleed for't!

Release my arm!

Orsi. My son, I kiss thy feet:  
Thy father kneels; let him not kneel in vain.

\* Should Mr. HARRIS execute his present intention of producing this Tragedy at Covent-Garden Theatre, the remainder of this Act will be omitted, and a new catastrophe substituted better calculated for representation.



—Nay, if thou stirr'st, my deadliest curse.....

*Cæsa* 'Twill grieve me,

But yet e'en that I'll brave:—Curse; still I'll strike!

No more!

*Orsi*. Can nought appease thee.....?

*Cæsa*. Nothing! nothing!

*Alfon*. Nay, cease, Orsino: 'tis in vain.....

*Cæsa*. True, true!

This to thy heart.

*Orsi*. Oh! yet arrest thy sword!

My son.....

*Cæsa*. He dies!

*Orsi*. One word! But one!

*Cæsa*. Dispatch then!

*Orsi*. Swear, ere you strike the blow, if still your power

Answers your will, as now it does, the King Has not an hour to live!

*Cæsa*. An hour?—An age!

Thrones shall not buy that hour.—By Hell, I swear,

Alfonso breathes his last, if fate allowes me To live one moment more!

*Orsi*. [*Stabbing him.*] Then die this moment.

*Cæsa*. My heart! my heart!—Oh! oh!

[*Falls lifeless at Orsino's feet.*]

*Alfon*. What hast thou done?

*Orsi*. Preserved Castile in thee!

*Mel*. Hew him to pieces!

*Hen*. Monster thy son.....

*Orsi*. He was so; yet I slew him.

Think ye, I loved him not?—Oh! Heaven, the blood

My breast now pours, gives me nothalf such pain As that which stains this poniard: yet I slew him, I, I his father!—And as I with him,



So, traitors, shall *your* Father deal with ye,  
Your Father who frowns yonder.—[*Thunder.*]—  
mark ! He speaks !

The avenger speaks, and stretches from the clouds  
His red right-arm.—See, see ! His javelins fly,  
And fly to strike you dead !—While yet 'tis time,  
Down, rebels, down !—Tremble, repent, and  
tremble !

Fall at you sovereign's feet, and sue for grace !  
[*The Conspirators sink on their knees.*]

*Alfon.* Oh ! Soul of Honour !—Oh ! my full,  
full heart !

Orsino ! Friend !—

*Orsi.* No more !—Thy hand !—Farewell.  
Life ebbs apace—Oh ! lay me by my son,  
That I may bless him, ere I die—Pale, pale !  
No warmth !—No sense !—Not one convulsive  
throb !

Not one last lingering breath on those wan lips !  
All gone ! All, all !—So fair, so young ! to die  
Was hard, most hard ! Canst thou forgive thy  
father,

Canst thou, my boy ? He loved thee dearly, dearly,  
And would to save thy life have died himself,  
Though he had rather see thee dead than guilty.  
My sand runs fast.—Oh ! I am sick at soul !  
I'll breathe my last sigh on my son's cold lips,  
Clasp his dead hand in mine, and lay my heart  
Close to his gaping wound, that it may break  
'Gainst his dear breast.—My eyes grow faint  
and clouded.

I see thy face no more, my boy, but still  
Feel thy blood trickle !—Oh ! that pang, that  
pang !

'Tis done—All's dark !—My son, my son, my  
son !

[*Dies.*]

END OF ACT V.































LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 526 408 A

